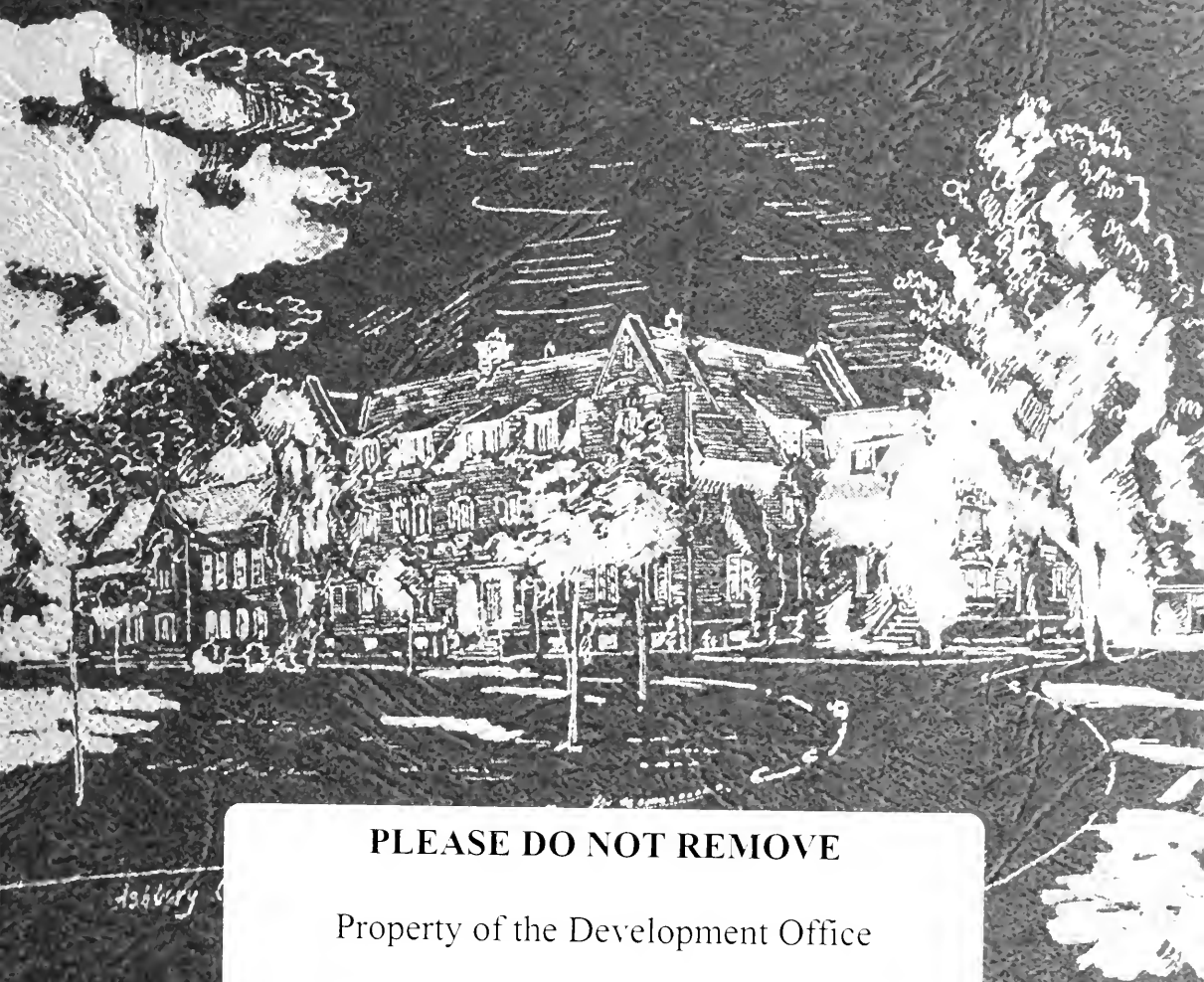
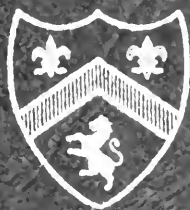


THE ASHBURIAN



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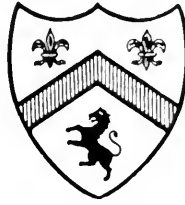
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**ASHBURY COLLEGE
OTTAWA**

VOLUME 54

1970

THE ASHBURIAN



ASHBURY COLLEGE OTTAWA

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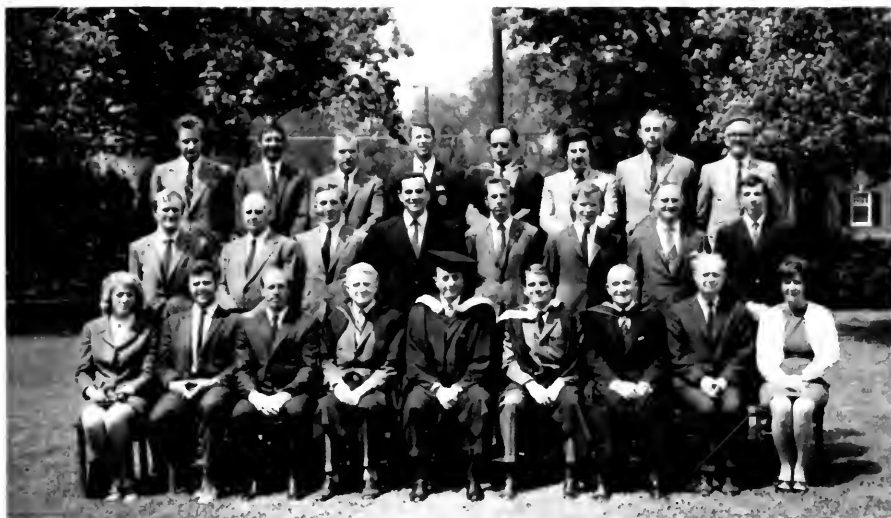
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P.W. Barott

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R. J. Chivers
G. R. Cairns
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R. M. Carlton

Captains of Football
R. J. Chivers
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S. Whitwill

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Cadet Major J. C. R. TURTON

O. C. No. 2 Platoon,
Cadet Lieutenant P. J. S. GRAHAM

Second-in-Command,
Cadet Captain C. E. BARNES

O. C. No. 3 Platoon,
Cadet Lieutenant D. R. HALLETT

O. C. No. 1 Platoon,
Cadet Lieutenant I. D. LEGER

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Cadet WO 2 R. J. CHIVERS

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Cadet Sergeant A. E. FOGEL

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Cadet Lieutenant G. R. CAIRNS, Cadet Corporal R. M. PIERCEY, Cadet Corporal R. C. WOOLLAM

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Lieut. Col. D. P. W. WOOD, C.D., A.D.C.

NOTES

We record with regret the death on 28 February of Bishop Reed of Ottawa. He was a governor and a good friend of Ashbury.

The school closed on 11 June and prizes were distributed by Mrs. G.F. Henderson, Mrs. Edith Moore, and Mrs. Donald Maclaren. The chairman of the Board of Governors mentioned the improvement to the school surroundings with the thinning out of trees and shrubbery. The main entrance hall, too, has been changed for the better — new floor and ceiling, improved lighting, and covers over the heating pipes. It is understood that these works are gifts to the school by Mr. Grant. Mr. Pickering, who set up the Pickering Foundation last year, was introduced by the chairman.

The closing service in Chapel was fairly well attended, rather better than the morning track and field meet. Athletic performances were quite good, but no records were broken. Dr. Ian Grant-Whyte, father of the winner of the open-mile, presented the ribbons.

The 8-A form prize is now known as the John Michael Hilliard memorial. It has been given by Mrs. Jelenick in memory of her son (1952-56), who was lost and died in snow last winter. The Ashbury Ladies' Guild have instituted a new award for Grades 9 to 13: \$75 cash annually to a boy in each of these grades whom the staff consider worthy of significant recognition.

Two boys took part in the sailing regatta at Lakefield in September. They won the first (sailing dinghy) race. Driver training continued this year with an instructor and an instructress, and Jane Martin from Elmwood was a pretty member of the Ashbury class. A large number again took part in the Miles for Millions walk; George Harlley (from Ghana and a fine athlete) should find it hard to explain his absence.

Two shows not mentioned later which gave pleasure were the visit of Paul Riddell's Hell Drivers last September — Paul was here 1950-55 — and the parade of the Parachute Regiment at the British tournament in October. Most generously every penny of the Hell Drivers' gate money was given by Paul Riddell to the Tiny Hermann memorial fund.

After the last performance of *Patience* this year the stage people were given a party by Mr. and Mrs. J.M. Coyne. Mr. Coyne is a governor and a former governor of the Bank of Canada. We are sorry that last year's Ashburian failed to thank Mr. and Mrs. F.H. Sherwood for so kindly looking after us when Ruddigore was over. Mr. Sherwood is a god-father of the master-in-charge of the Junior School and was a submarine commander in the last war.

In May, Elmwood and Ashbury put on Benn Levy's *Rape of the Belt* at Elmwood. The play is based on Hercules' ninth labour. This in turn

inherits something from the magic girdle the ugly but worthy Hephaestus, god of goldsmiths, jewellers, blacksmiths, masons, and carpenters, made for Aphrodite his lawful wife. Aphrodite, of course, wore the girdle whenever she wanted to make anyone love her madly. Hence in the ninth labour King Eurystheus, acting on behalf of his wanton daughter, commands Hercules to go and bring him the magic girdle belonging to Hippolyte, Queen of the Amazons.

Mark Joyce gave a thorough performance as Theseus, and Macdonnell leapt suitably about the stage as Hercules. Hippolyte, towards the end of the play in short tennis frock, and the blacksmith Hippobomene, truly a Stakhonovite, were nicely played by Jacqueline Heard and Janet Urie. Servants and others were restrained and reliable, though difficult to hear at the back of the hall. The commentators Zeus and Hera did not reach the standard of the rest of the cast. We are grateful to the headmistress of Elmwood for the enjoyable evening.

Cadets are a tricky problem — here as elsewhere — and many would like to do away with them. Drills can be a bore, though useful training, and do not easily fit today's emphasis on the person as an individual. If the regular army could lend more interesting equipment and an instructor or two give more time to the Ashbury unit, training might be more inspiring. It does not help when we see so many famous regiments disbanded.

The present issue of rifles looks much like those seen in the older, sepia photographs about the school, remarked one cadet lieutenant. Just so, but how new should the weaponry be? It is a little disconcerting when the deputy chief scientific officer of the Royal Aircraft Establishment at Farnborough (Desmond King-Hele, FRS) writes that half a kilogram of botulinum toxin (type A), if suitably distributed, would suffice to snuff out everybody in 20 minutes. One more point to Shaw's quip: 'It was reading that made Don Quixote a gentleman, it was believing what he read that made him mad.'

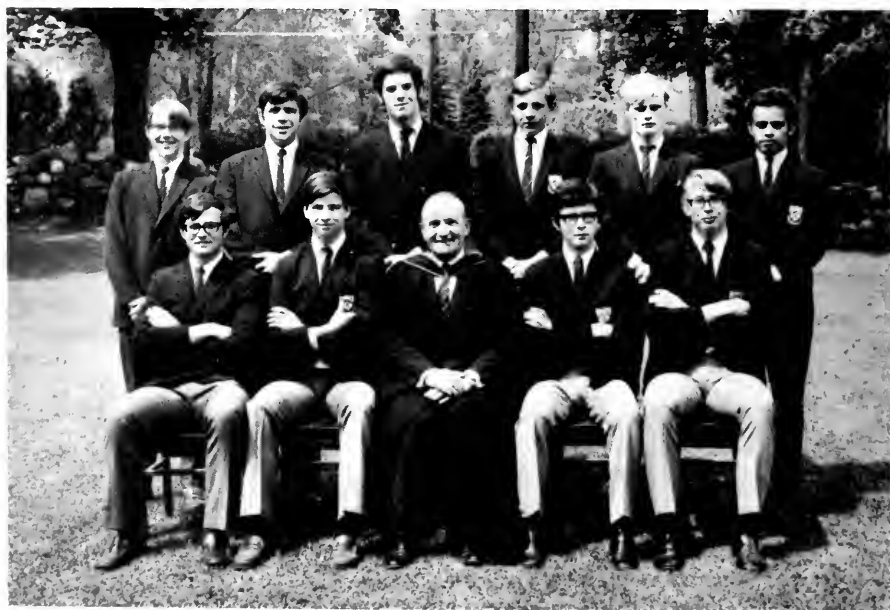
The school was inspected by the Ontario Department of Education in February, and the headmaster was able to congratulate boys and staff on the report the inspectors made to him.

The housemaster of Connaught continues as often as not to be music critic of the Ottawa Journal. Michael Arlen's son, Michael J. Arlen, who spent some of the war years at Ashbury, began some reminiscences in *The New Yorker* of 11 April. Nicolas A. Pilavachi, who edited last year's successful Harvard lampoon on *Time* magazine, also spent some time at Ashbury.

Staff leaving this year in the Senior School are Mr. Egan, Mr. Somerville, Mr. Parker, Mr. Sullivan, Mrs. Wood, Mr. Fordyce, Mr. Petty, and Mr. White. Mr. Egan may return to Ashbury in a year or

two after taking his mastership. Mr. Parker returns to King's College School, Windsor, Nova Scotia, whence he came to Ashbury two years ago.

This year's Ashburian is being printed by a lithographic process instead of in the traditional (but expensive) letter-press. The order in the published prize list has been changed slightly: we hope that it is clearer.



THE ROOM CAPTAINS

Back Row: A.J. Stiles, M.R. Duguay, H.J. Ronalds, R.H.D. Halupka, R.G. Ramsay, H.S. Went.
Front Row: P.J.S. Graham, C.H. Maclaren, J.A. Glover, Esq., Housemaster of Woolcombe House, D.R. Hallett, N.C. Macdonnell.
Absent: G.W. Thomson, Esq., Housemaster of Connaught House, R.F. Elkin, M.P. Kelly, L. Rosenhek.

JULES

The sun was shining brightly — it was a beautiful summer day. Jules was running happily across the clean-cut grass of his summer cottage. He was playing with his shiny new ball; he had just received it for his seventh birthday. For some reason Jules placed a strange significance on this one ball; he had played with it all afternoon.

From the large kitchen window of their quaint cottage Mrs. Harris could see her son playing. While she washed the dishes, she dreamed of her youth, a habit women have. Her thoughts wandered till she came to the birth of Jules. She thought of how much she loved him and how she spent all her time with him.

Mrs. Harris was startled back to the present as she heard her husband's car noisily coming up the gravel roadway.

Jules stopped running with his ball and looked towards the car. His father had parked the car and was getting out. Mr. Harris slammed the car door behind him and strutted vigorously up to the screen door of the cottage, entering quickly.

Jules heard the crash of a dish and the raised voices of his parents. They were arguing again. Jules shrugged his shoulders and began playing with his ball. He ran by his sandbox filled with small shovels and pails, turned quickly and with one motion threw his ball at the sandbox. It hit a shovel and bounced off into the grass beside the box. Jules smiled and sat down. He lay in the grass looking up at the sun . . . his friend.

"I don't care if it is Jules' birthday! I'm not going to take that damned kid out to some fancy restaurant where he can eat all my money away!" These were the cutting words of Jim Harris in reply to Mary, his wife. She had just suggested that they take Jules to the 'Diamond Restaurant' in the small town of Kirby. Her husband, however, flatly refused. Mary began crying and Jim left the kitchen fuming and cursing. "It's all Jules' fault," he mumbled, "that kid is ruining my marriage and that I won't let happen".

Jules ate his dinner under the setting sun. It was a peanut butter sandwich.

He had had a nice birthday, he thought, 'Not great, but nice'. He could hear the crickets calling and he saw the first stars coming out. He turned around and walked along the gravel path toward the beckoning lights of the cottage. That evening, Jules thought hard about his parents — he was worried.

Jules, now seventeen, lay on his bed staring blankly at the white stucco of his ceiling. The door to Jules' room suddenly burst open. Standing in the doorway was his father, red-faced.

“Dammit Jules, look at this report card. How many times have your mother and I had to talk to you about your marks. You just don’t seem to care about anything, do you Jules? Your room is covered with these crazy posters and, as usual, it’s messy. All you do is listen to that stupid loud music!”

Jules was still staring up at the ceiling when his father finally ordered him to look at him. Jules’ head slowly turned towards his father and he said “Yeah, what d’ya want?”

Mr. Harris cursed at his son and told him that he was impossible to handle and that he was selfish and so on. Jules looked at his father, not listening. Finally his father’s long oration ended and he left the room. Then Jules resumed staring at the ceiling, silently.

* * * * *

Jim Harris shut off his alarm clock and rubbed his eyes. The clock-face showed 7:30 — time to get up and go to work. Beside him lay the slow breathing body of his wife Mary, deep in sleep. He cast a loving glance toward her and heaved himself out of bed. In his mind he surveyed the day he had planned. First he must dress, then eat breakfast. Then he would drop Jules off at his High School, and then on to the office. Jim Harris intensely disliked taking his son to school. Jules always asked him why he couldn’t have a car. Jim always said it was because Jules was not responsible enough to own a car. This was partly true, yet the real reason was that he couldn’t afford it. He thought Jules sensed that too.

Mr. Harris came back to the present and dressed quickly. As usual, Jules had neglected to respond to the urgent call of his alarm clock and lay asleep when his father came into the room. Jim awoke Jules and told him that he had a mere fifteen minutes to be dressed and breakfasted. Mr. Harris left the room and descended to the kitchen where he began preparing his usual breakfast — a bowl of cereal and a cup of coffee.

Jules dressed in his favorite clothes. He put on his tattered, bell-bottomed blue jeans, a white T-shirt with the words ‘Cape Cod’ printed on it and his scruffy half-wellingtons. Jules grabbed his official school jacket and went down the stairs to the kitchen. Jules had much better clothes but he liked these best.

When Jules entered the kitchen his father was just finishing his coffee.

“Come on Jules, we’ve only a few minutes left — hurry!” were his father’s words. Jules grabbed a glass of frozen orange juice and swallowed it with one gulp. He had his books under his arm although he had not done his homework. Jules followed behind his father to the car.

Mr. Harris dropped his son off at the school. They had said nothing to each other all the way. Jim thought that quite unusual, like many things about Jules lately.

* * * * *

"No, I'm sorry, Mr. Harris. We haven't seen Jules all day" was the reply of the principal. The form teacher said he had been looking pale lately and looked sick .

"Well, thanks anyway, Mike. Now if you hear anything call me right away!"

"Sure, Jim, I will; I hope you find your boy."

Mr. Harris hung up the phone — he had an anxious look on his face. Mary, his wife, stood behind him and sensed that the call proved negative.

"Where could Jules be? It's already 7:30 and he's still not home," she said.

"Oh, he'll be alright, he's probably just with a friend" lied Mr. Harris. Jim was very worried about Jules. He had instructed Jules always to phone home to tell his parents where he was. Jules seemed always to do that, yet tonight he had forgotten or was unable to.

* * * * *

It was now 12 midnight and Jim Harris could hear the wail of a police siren approaching. He knew where its destination was — it was his house. Mr. Harris had called the police 15 minutes ago and informed them about the disappearance of Jules.

Jim opened the front door as the patrol car pulled up. Two plain-clothesmen quickly got out and ascended the few steps to the front door. Mr. Harris let them in.

"My name is Constable Peters and my partner is Constable Kingsley. We'd like to ask you a few questions in connection with your son's disappearance".

Mr. Harris listened to the patented lines and with a shaky hand directed the two to sit down in the living room. Mr. Harris had his top shirt button open and his tie dangling sloppily.

The three of them had talked for ten minutes when Mrs. Harris entered the room. She had just awakened from a nap. She walked sleepy-eyed over to her husband and whispered in his ear "Have they found Jules?"

Jim replied, "No, they haven't but we're arranging a search for him. Don't worry darling, we'll find him."

The three men began talking again and she drifted out of the room silently.

"You say he hasn't a car, eh?" Constable Peters asked.

"No, he doesn't. I don't think him responsible enough to drive one" came the answer of Mr. Harris.

Constable Kingsley was busily ticking off things on a printed piece of paper as the other two talked.

"Do you know whether he has a girl friend?" asked Constable Peters.

"Jules . . . Ha! No one likes him. No, of course he doesn't have a girl friend. At least not one that I know of." retorted Jim Harris.

"Oh, I see . . . Well, do you know whether he has been experimenting with drugs?"

Mr. Harris was struck with this question. He sat there looking at Constable Peters silently, then he said, "Ah, well, I'm not sure. Well, I never thought about it! No, I really don't know."

Constable Peters looked sternly at Mr. Harris and said to Constable Kingsley, "O.K. let's go, we've got all the information we need."

The two men shook hands with Mr. Harris and said they were sure they would find Jules; they would work on it. Then Constable Peters stopped suddenly and said to Mr. Harris, "By the way, Jules hasn't been at school for the last few days. Also he does have a girlfriend. She's missing too. I'm afraid this is going to be bad news for you. I'm afraid she has been experimenting with drugs frequently!"

Mr. Harris stood in the doorway dumbfounded as the two men got in their patrol car. He couldn't believe that his Jules could do such a thing. He tried to reassure himself over and over yet he always failed.

The patrol car drove off and Mr. Harris closed the door.

He found Mary asleep when he went into their room. He decided not to disturb her and went downstairs again. He sat in the living room by the phone and waited. He feared the worst. Could Jules do it? He asked himself the question again and again. The hours passed and he fell asleep — his hand on the phone.

* * * * *

Jules lay in the arms of his girlfriend, Carol. The room they were in was smoke filled and wreathed in the smell of incense and other miscellaneous odours. Music was blaring from the small record player in the corner. The record was stuck and repeated the same bars over and over again.

Jules was unconscious and was perspiring profusely. Carol held his head and looked up at the ceiling blankly. They were under the influence of drugs.

Jules' pulse rate was very very slow. He was dying. Carol began scanning the room, then she realized what had occurred. She clumsily lifted herself to her feet, brushing her tight jeans. Jules lay limply on the dusty floor, staring into space. He was very pale.

Carol looked at him and knelt beside him. She was very experienced in the use of drugs and realized the mistake she had made with Jules. A lethal overdose of heroin. She knew he was unable to take heroin at his stage in drug taking — but he had insisted.

She was scared now, scared that Jules might die because of her. Carol thought frantically of what to do. She decided to call his parents. Luckily she had a dime to call. As she was leaving the musty room she glanced at the limp body of Jules and quickened to a run towards the nearest phone booth.

* * * * *

Mr. Harris was startled awake by the rude call of the telephone. His watch said 4:30 a.m. Jim picked up the phone and heard the excited voice of Carol at the other end of the line. She quickly gave him instructions where to find Jules, and Mr. Harris, although tired, remembered them clearly.

When Carol had hung up, crying, Jim Harris called the police and related all the information Carol had told him. They said they would come and pick him up in five minutes. Jim bounded up the stairs and wakened his wife. Mary guessed what was happening and said she would be ready in five minutes.

The two of them were set to go when the patrol car pulled up — a minute late. Inside were Constables Peters and Kingsley who had been talking to Mr. Harris only three hours before.

Mr. Harris and his wife opened the door quickly. The car pulled off at a fast speed while they were just seating themselves. They were an odd sight in the dark and empty streets of the city, screaming along in a patrol car with a flashing red light.

After about twelve minutes driving at top speed they wheeled around a corner sharply and the dark street revealed a shabby neighbourhood. The tallest building was a four storey apartment house and they pulled up beside this dingy place, bursting out of the car. Mr. and Mrs. Harris looked down the street where another patrol car was coming and behind it an ambulance.

The four of them ran through the door and in the hallway saw Carol hunched by the wall sobbing. The two constables rushed in the only

open doorway and in the room they saw Jules lying. Constable Peters cursed to himself at the sight and rushed beside the body. He knelt beside the boy and felt his pulse . . . it was erratic!

Constable Peters looked up at the horrified faces of Mr. and Mrs. Harris and said, "It looks bad. He's so close to death it's hard to believe."

There was a noise in the hallway and two men in white with a stretcher appeared in the doorway. They carried the stretcher beside Jules and carefully placed him on it. They said a few words to the two constables and quickly carried Jules to the waiting ambulance. Mr. Harris just glanced at Constable Peters who gave him a nod and he and his wife got in beside their son. Mary was quietly sobbing. The ambulance started with a jerk and screamed through the ignorant city, its urgent siren wailing.

Looking from the doorway of the shabby apartment house was Carol, her hands cuffed. The two constables escorted her to their patrol car. Her eyes were bloodshot from crying.

* * * * *

The lights of the Emergency room were bright and they made all the equipment sparkle. In the centre of the room lay Jules surrounded by doctors and nurses in white cloaks. Their expression was one of urgency. The steady hiss-haw of the breathing regulator could be heard as a nurse checked the blood pressure gauge.

Jules was coming back into consciousness and he could see the expressionless faces staring down at him. He quickly closed his eyes for this scene terrified him. He could not think straight; his mind was a jumble of ideas and thoughts scattered all about.

Jules crept back into unconsciousness.

Mr. and Mrs. Harris sat in the office of their physician. His usual calm and complacent face was now stern. He explained to them how close Jules was to death; how taking drugs can kill a person, make him permanently insane or damage his brain for life.

They listened carefully and realized the seriousness of the situation. They felt that they had failed in bringing up their son and that he was not to blame; it was themselves. Their physician's comments were interrupted when the door of his office was briskly opened by a young, bright-faced intern. He told Mr. and Mrs. Harris that Jules was going to make it, he would not die.

The Harris' sighed in relief. They were overcome with joy. Their physician posed a question to the intern. "Has Jules regained consciousness, may his parents speak to him?"

"They'll have to wait a few hours, then they can see him" replied the intern. He silently closed the door as he left.

The Harris' were finally released by their physician who smiled at them.

"You're lucky this time . . . I'm glad".

Jim looked at Mary; he was still worried. Was Jules insane, damaged for life? Or did Jules remain the same? The office clock showed 7:55. Light had reached the city; it was alive again.

At nine o'clock the Harris' were allowed to see their son. His room was a light blue and the bright morning sun shone through the window to his left.

Jules looked at them as they entered the room. His father said "How are you son? We sure were worried about losing you. We're so glad you're back!" Mary ran to Jules' bedside and caressed her son. Jules looked up at the ceiling and tears were beading in his eyes. He began crying with happiness and sadness. The three of them are back together now. They could live together again.

* * * * *

One day Jules pulled up to the cottage he remembered so well as a child. As he closed the door to his new car he looked up at the bright sun. The white paint of the cottage was half chipped off and the big tree was now old and rotten. The grass was brown and uncared for. He walked along the old gravel path and saw something beside the tree trunk. He remembered it — it was a ball. Jules picked it up and held it so he could read the faint writing on it. On it were the words "This ball belongs to Jules."

R. G. Pimm

BRAINWORKS

There was a succession of brisk cracklings, and for a moment everything seemed to go berserk. Then, one by one, the lights faded out on the control panel, the rumbling of the machine died down, and the slips of papers containing all the precious information started rolling out. The Cyclotron HB 47, the most prodigious computer ever produced by man, had died. It stood motionless, dumb but for an annoying buzzing sound, paper tongues falling down with an air of exhaustion. As in war, when the general falls, the rest of the immense research centre was taken by a contagious frenzy. All the secondary

machines stopped, gargling last data, and the personnel were overtaken with consternation and dismay, from the last of the workers to the General Manager.

A few moments later, all the scientific heads of the centre were holding heated discussions over what had happened, and what had to be done.

"The situation is desperate," cried the chief engineer. "All the powers of this centre are concentrated in this machine. If it goes out of order, we are left powerless!"

All agreed on that, gravely nodded, emitted preoccupied "yes, yes, yesses," and found no solution to the problem.

"I'll nonetheless see what I can do," said the chief engineer, aware of the gravity of the situation, and grasping the extent of his responsibilities.

He opened a small door which led to the heart of the computer, and bravely entered the world of wires, transistors, electric circuits, memory and information centres. But the inhuman spectacle which surrounded him offered no clue, and the chief engineer realized for an instant the extent of his ignorance.

"I resign, I admit my incapacity!" he declared, coming back in the light.

"What can we do?"

"How can we fix this machine?"

The chief engineer shrugged his shoulders. He did not know. If only the Cyclotron HB 47 were working. It could have provided the answer to those anguishing questions. But ...

Everybody rattled their brains in silence. Some massaged their scalp, others pulled their moustaches, still others caressed worriedly their chins, giving signs of a certain embarrassment.

"What if we called the electrician?" hesitatingly proposed a worker. Everyone looked at him with fulminating eyes — the nerve of the man.

* * * * *

An hour later, in came a jolly little man of about fifty. He wore green wrinkled pants and shirt, and had rolled up his sleeves. A fat leather suitcase, full of tools made him lean a bit to one side. He gave an impression of calm efficiency and to all of these impotent persons, he seemed a messenger from heaven. The doors opened respectfully in front of him, everyone drew aside and bewildered, amazed eyes followed every gesture he made. He accepted all this very naturally, without pride nor vanity. He was one of those good workers who do their job conscientiously, honestly.

The chief engineer went up to him gratefully, almost impetuously.

"There you are finally! You can't imagine how pleased we are to see you!"

The electrician took his pipe out of his mouth, gazed upon this restless man in a white coat and it is even said that he imperceptibly shrugged his shoulders.

"You are our last chance, my dear sir. If you do not succeed, think of the weeks, the months of research we will have to spend revising the entire circuits, changing parts, calculating, researching ... Because without this machine, we are nothing!"...

The man went up to the control panel, moved some levers, pushed some buttons and considered thoughtfully the enormous machine in front of him. He went back to his leather bag, and, after fiddling around for a moment, took out a battery, pliers, and a small hammer with a rubber end. He went back to the Cyclotron HB 47, opened a small hatch, cut two wires and connected them to the battery. Then, he stepped back and considered the computer for another second, stepped forward again, a bit to the left and glued his ear to the wall of the machine. Everybody looked at him with great curiosity and apprehension, holding their breath. The man moved to another spot, and listened for another long while. Then, searching with his hand for the exact spots, he struck the metallic wall thrice, everytime in a different place.

And the miracle happened.

The lights shone again, the humming rumble once more filled the air, the needles on the panels quivered and went up, and the tapes started coming out again. The research centre had been saved.

* * * * *

"What?!" exclaimed the General Manager, "three thousand and ten dollars!?!?"

His assistant timidly shrugged his shoulders.

"Well ... yes, that's what they're asking..."

"It's unthinkable, preposterous, outrageous! Three thousand dollars for three strokes with a hammer! Unbelievable! It sets the stroke to a thousand dollars! Well, I'm gonna get in the business and get rich hammering fortunes away! Incredible! No, no and no! I won't put up with this! I won't pay this ridiculous bill".

He pressed angrily a button and a pretty blond secretary came in with a smile, a notebook, and a pen. Her smile faded away at the sight of her boss' face.

"Sit down, miss!" said the general manager pointing to a chair. "Sit down and write this out. Hum! To the firm Technoteck... were surprised, ... surprised and shocked at the amount you ask for the repair of our computer Cyclotron HB 47. We would be grateful if you could send us ... no ... we would like you to send us at the earliest an itemized account of the amount of \$3010 which you are charging...Hum...I am, dear sirs, etc...etc...You'll put the usual closing formula."

And the General Manager, after having dismissed his secretary, sat back, and satisfactorily thought about the excuses the firm Technoteck would inevitably send him. He triumphantly pictured himself the embarrassing situation in which he had put the company.

* * * * *

The answer to his letter arrived on his desk three days later and read as follows:

Ref. letter No. 14008

Object: Repair of Cyclotron HB 47

Dear Sir:

In reply to your letter dated the 12th inst. we are giving you hereafter as requested the details of our account:

Moving expenses	
electrician.....	\$ 4.00
Time electrician	
half an hour.....	6.00
Competence, skill,	
studies and knowledge	
necessary for the deter-	
mination of the exact spots	
where to hit with hammer.....	3000.00
Total.....	\$3010.00

We are, dear sir, yours faithfully,

Signed:

Illegible

J.-J. de Dardel

Photograph by W.G. Wilson



ODE TO EXAMINATIONS

(a paradoxical parody, abridged version)

Tw'as the week before closing,
and all through the school,
Grade thirteens were restless, and
losing their cool;
The final exams had for
weeks been prepared,
And to tell you the truth
not a single boy cared.

When the final day came and
they leapt from their beds,
Wild visions of summer school
danced in their heads;
And all with their facts and
their figures reversed,
Had just settled down ill-
prepared for the worst.

When outside the class there
arose such a clatter,
We sprang from our desks
to see what was the matter.
Away to the doorway we
flew on the run,
And from what we could
see the ordeal had begun.

Log books and pencils lay
strewn on the floor
As we quickly found out
when we opened the door,
When, what to our horrified
eyes did appear,
But an Ashbury master, a
figure of fear.

Half-cursing, half-laughing we
picked up the books,
Then, collected the pencils amidst
dirty looks;
He entered the room at a
business-like pace,
And we cringed when we
noted his furious face.

The paper was passed then,
three sheets to each one.
We must have appeared as
incredibly dumb;
We were given our log books,
and sharp pencils too,
And we wished we'd been
blessed with a higher I.Q.

We envied the master, his
learning was done.
We longed for his freedom,
his place in the sun;
Helpless and trapped under
examination,
We resented the system
one calls education.

Instructions were given for
writing the test,
His usual order "no cheating"
was stressed.
And each of us sitting there
heavy in heart,
Tensely awaited the phrase,
"you may start."

An exam of two hours, we
finished in one,
The master was pleased
that we'd had so much fun;
And we heard him exclaim,
ere he skipped to the door,
You'll be back here next
year, "je vous dis au revoir."

R.I. Gaskell

PACKAGING

Man the creator, has come up through the ages with many new and wonderful inventions. Man has reached a point in time today where he drives home in an automobile, enters his air-conditioned home, grabs a beer from his compact fridge and settles into a reclining easy-chair, to watch an idiot box that will keep him entertained all night.

Now with all this advancement in technology you'd think his containers and packages for food, medicine, and chemicals would be simple to open. Sure they keep longer, resist rough handling and are more safe to our health; but just try to open, without any curse words, one of those new-fangled packages.

For instance, you have invited your buddies over to watch a hockey game. So you go into the kitchen and grab a can of peanuts that has to be opened by a key. All you do is put the key into that little metal tab and start turning, but the metal strip gets narrower...and narrower...and narrower, until it finally snaps. With sardines it works the other way. As the lid is being rolled up it keeps getting bigger...and bigger until it swallows the key.

To a philosopher packaging can be a mystery. Light bulbs and eggs are enclosed in some of the most flimsy cardboard made. Put your mail on them and it crushes the package. On the other hand a steel chisel comes protected by shatterproof plastic. Opening the plastic bubble will be a problem. Don't waste your time on the plastic, you've got to peel the torn pieces of paper, they contain the instructions and a guarantee!

Now let's take something really simple like those fifty-pound bags that fertilizer and dog food come in. They are fastened across the top with braided string. Looks simple, but the package says if you pull the coloured string, everything will unravel, and your bag will be opened. Don't believe it! I've spend half an hour trying to open them. It is much simpler just to cut off the top of the bag.

Or take headache tablets that come in handy containers. Many of these small pill tins have a small dot saying "press here". Sounds easy, but press too hard and all those tablets will spring out of the tin, and scatter everywhere. If you don't like the tins there is always the economy-sized bottle. The top comes off simply enough, but there is the cotton that has been shoved in like the wadding of a shotgun shell. Our fingers won't reach down, so get the tweezers. This leads to even greater headaches!

Toilet paper manufacturers are out to demoralize us. You've got four rolls sealed in plastic tight as a drum. That, all of us can handle. It is the single roll wrapped or unwrapped that presents a problem. Just try to find where the toilet paper begins or ends, like scotch tape. When it's

impossible to find it, slide a nail file under the first layer and tear across. This could work, but usually the first twenty layers, are glued or compressed together.

Then there is always the cheese ready sliced, so you can make sandwiches faster than ever. Only, after the cheese is sliced in the factory, it is sent through a wrapping machine, where the cheese is pressed back together again! And how about the little triangles of cheese that are wrapped in that flimsy tinfoil? Try peeling it off, but be careful, for if you have never bitten down on a filling with a piece of foil, you don't know what snappy cheese is!

The powdered sugar-and-cereals people favour the thumbnail method. At the top of the package is a semi-circle with simulated, perforations around the edge. Underneath is printed a little joke, "Press thumbnail here." Unless you have the thumbnail of Fu Man-chu, all you're going to do is cave in the side of the box.

Where is it all going to end? The time may come when our cities with all our tall buildings and wide streets will be empty. Our descendants will be huddled over fires chewing on bones and gnawing on roots, while the spoils of our civilization lie only a thumbnail away.

P.S.T. Croal

MATURITY

As we grow up
And our beliefs form,
We develop a sense of acceptance.
It it's rainy,
We read a book.
We control our cools when things go wrong.
Life is too short to sweat.
Is this good?
Is this what we seek, controlling our cool?
Could it be we're immune now;
We've been hurt and re-hurt,
Seen suffering, heard suffering,
And learned to close our hearts.
How many times do we furtively
Turn the page at the sight of a starving child
With those vacant pleading eyes
That stab so deep.
We react by slipping-out a checkbook
for 'Care'
And get on to more pleasant thoughts;
Don't want to lose our cools,

Do we!
We don't have time for sentiments.
Keep your cool baby, keep cool!

P.D. Leffler

I'LL ALWAYS REMEMBER ROSEMARY AS SHE WAS

1. I'll always remember Rosemary-
A fat broken-nosed sloth.
I'll remember when she cared for me
She'd cook me chicken broth for lunch
And charge me half the price,
(The fat-bellied waitress, with blue eyes.)
Sometimes Rosemary would look me in the eye
And kiss me on that mouth of mine
Which was really hers, and I told her
Whenever I got a chance to hold her
In that greasy kitchen where she worked.
I think I feel good with a smoke in my mouth
When I wear my best, blue shirt
'Cause that makes Rosy's belly roll
And makes her blue eyes flash.

2. She went to see a doctor one day
— The same broken-nosed Rosy —
Their diets lost her fifty pounds
They fixed her broken nose
— the same Rosy, she didn't look the same-
Her eyes flashed sea spray, and her figure
Was better than slut Martha's up the road.
So now she cooks broth for all the men
And all the men are handsome and rich
And sloth Rosy can afford to be sloth Rosy
But I hate her.

3. I'll always remember Rosemary as she was
When I took her in both my arms
When she'd cook me chicken broth,
When she was a good, fat old sloth-
'Cause now men hold her with one arm
and I'm just not one of them 'cause-
She doesn't look at me
Anymore.

R. Woollam



MY TEDDY BEAR

When I'm cold and not alive
I join my Teddy Bear
In an understanding hug
To make me young again
When I'm asleep and dreaming
He sits above, all rusty yellow
And smiles at me
Through black-button eyes
And a torn mouth;
I made a coat for him
To keep him warm
And I sewed his head on
A few times — when it came off,
And a lot of times
He's done the same for me,

R. Woollam

AFTER-RISE

On the edge of the morning
the clouds seemed to wither
And fly the horizon
to forgotten night.
My eyes seemed to hurt me
felt bloodshot and sore
Like my heart, seemed to sting
as I looked at the dawn.
Black shadow on sand with my arms held out
Black shadow on sand where my body should be.
I looked at the sun coming over the water
The clouds were dispersing, along with my love.
And out on the water
lay ruins of battle
A heart and a soul
Two tired raw eyes
The dark clouds were gone
(somehow it was better)
The fight was all over
and no-one had won.

R. Woollam

CENOBITE

The wind blows through the door and out the window on the other side of the single-roomed house. It belongs to me.

It was a much nicer place because it was built away from the hustle and bustle of the city. The city gave me a feeling that I couldn't be myself. I didn't like the people there. They picked on me. I tried to act like them but they rejected me.

The room is really quite bare, with a stove in one corner, a bed under the window and a table with two chairs, in the middle of the earth floor. I have very little.

Nobody bothers me from the city, and the woods give me a feeling of freedom. Food and drink are not easy to come by except for the occasional wandering hare which gets caught in a snare made of loose wire or fishing line.

Some nights I go into the city to steal from those who hate me. I was seen last night but I doubt if anything will come of it. I was chased for a while but I soon lost them on my way home. Just to be safe though I won't leave my house tonight. I will just sit on my bed, look and listen to the happenings outside. The sun is sinking behind the pines and the wind dies down to a murmur. The animals make their frequent sounds of communication or step on a twig in their path. They are free.

The people in the city try to like those animals but with them it is merely superficial.

It is now dark. I can see some lights flickering but they are far away. The air smells clean and pure. The lights are closer. They are not lights but torches. Men are carrying them and walking in the direction of my house. They must be from the city. The air is filled with smoke and hate.

I don't really like it here by myself. I long to be with the crowd. I don't really want to be by myself. I want to follow but I can't because I am different. Why do people treat me this way? Is it because I'm not really white?

D.R.Hallett

WHEATFIELD

The prairie is flat, featureless,
broken only by clumps of trees
on the horizon.

The golden wheat bends and sways
at the wind's command
and someone seems to be playing a flute

which nobody hears but the
wheat obeys.
The yellow-topped fields are
uniform-the stalks mouth
shimmering words to the
hurrying clouds
-in unison.
Don't try to grow too high.
Don't try to stunt your growth-
you just might end up
different from the rest
-who would you hide behind?
Don't bother the farmer-he
knows what he's doing.
Don't question the train tracks
they run straight
into other prairies — where
wheat stalks bend
so uniform-in unison-complacent
terrorized into sameness by the
thought of standing alone.

J.R.R. Johnson

THE CROSS-COUNTRY RUNNER

On the starting block he has no name.
Only a number on his muscled frame.
For years he has practised and
trained so hard;
He's the champion and has his crown
to guard.
With the crack of the gun, the runners
begin.
Deep in their hearts there's a drive to win.
His fists are clenched, his muscles straining,
But mile by mile his power is draining.
A year ago he would have led.
But now there are others up ahead.
An end has come to this gruelling
race
And another champion takes his place.

N. Macleod

THE PHENOMENON OF THE DIRTY JOKE

How often have you heard and enjoyed a good dirty joke? Quite often, I'm willing to wager. You probably heard it from a friend, and quite likely passed it on to another. But pause for a moment and think — where do these jokes come from? Of course, you heard them from somebody, who heard them from somebody else, who told him, etc. But somewhere somehow, someone must originate them. If you really consider it, it is rather mysterious.

If you tried to trace the last dirty joke you heard to its source, you would be confronted with an enormous task. It is truly amazing how many people already know a good joke that you know. For some reason dirty jokes spread fast, travelling from city to city, from state/province to state/province, from country to country, and even continent to continent like an alien virus in winter.

Also, certain classes of dirty jokes are more familiar than others. For example, take the travelling salesmen jokes. Everybody has heard about the travelling salesman who, being out of his way at a late hour, has to spend the night at a farmer's house. Since, for some strange reason, there is usually a shortage of beds, the travelling salesman has to spend the night with the farmer's beautiful wife and/or daughter/s. The results are always interesting and varied. Everybody knows at least one of these jokes, and often quite a few. But who makes them up?

It seems almost credible that there is a secret underground organization devoted specifically to creating jokes and passing them on to the masses through a complex mesh of infiltrators whose purpose is to spread the product of their membership. Perhaps a magazine like *Playboy*, being in contact with this organization, is a customer for their jokes. The price would include spreading the joke to the public after controlled tests to test for reaction. Then after, say, three months, in which the public would be well-conditioned, *Playboy* would print the joke. *Playboy's* reward? — prestige for having insight and being in with the times.

However, looking at the subject more seriously, it still makes you wonder about dirty jokes. Are they just made up on the spur-of-the-moment and passed on thoughtlessly to the rest of the world, or are they actually carefully planned and thought out?

What phenomenon of nature or man is it that causes such little groups of words to spread across the face of the earth relatively unchanged from when they were first put together?

If not worthy of detailed examination and research, then at least the dirty joke merits a curious spark of thought in passing.

R.H.D. Halupka

FOUNTAINS

Of all Works of Art, I think
That fountains are the most beautiful.
They are forever changing and are
Crystal clear through empty air...

I don't mean so much the actual
Sculpture or works of the still fountain-
But more the mobility-yet the
Timelessness of Free Falling water.

As the jets of pounding water thrust
Skyward-and you would know just how much they
Pound if you ever felt one...

As they do so they reach a peak and undergo
A fantastic change: they seem to be
Beseeching — to be appeasing;
To be doing all of this — but to...
nothing.

I can see ...I can see a great beauty in something
So powerful... yet
So humble.

C.M.Joyce

CHAOS

On 5 June, 1990, the City of Ottawa suffered a nuclear attack which completely demolished this once beautiful city and began the One Week War. As previously expected the only building to remain standing was Ashbury College, a boys' school which, due to an architectural quirk, was built along the lines of an atomic shelter. To this last bastion of freedom the government of Canada retired to rule the country.

The loyal members of the Ashbury College Cadet Corps threw up defensive positions around the school grounds and, with their World War I 303 rifles, prepared to defend their country's leaders. Meanwhile, inside the building, Civil Defence authorities with the help of the corps' efficient signal squad set up a radio station with the optimistic call letters HELP. It was over this station that various members of the government broadcast messages of hope to the nation.

First the Prime Minister, speaking from the Prefects' common room in both French and English, announced that he was safe and that he would govern the country to the best of his ability. Then the Finance Minister, broadcasting from the Bursar's office, said that he was glad to say that unemployment had taken a sharp decline. The main reason for this decline, he stated, was that the bomb had scored a direct hit on the Unemployment Bureau but he felt certain that this indicated a definite trend. He closed his remarks by saying that he was sorry to have to

announce that, due to the current world situation, Canada's budget, during the next year, would once again remain unbalanced.

From the kitchen came word from the Minister of Agriculture that everything possible was being done about the wheat surplus which he fervently hoped was still a surplus. Next from the Head Master's office word was received that the Minister of External Affairs felt that, viewed in the light of recent developments, Canada's policy of neutrality should be definitely realigned. However, the most encouraging item came from the laboratory. There the Minister of Defence announced that work was being started on a secret weapon which he felt sure would turn the tide of war. It was learned that the secret weapon was a new form of gas which had been discovered at Ashbury itself.

Parliament, meanwhile, remained in session discussing such weighty problems as whether or not the divorce laws should be altered and also a private member's bill put forward by a certain outspoken Torontonian, Mr. Pashing, that the officials responsible for the planting of poison ivy around the statue of Sir Robert Borden be investigated. During these troublesome days the Lower House met in Rhodes Hall and the Upper House in the Chapel. On 8 June, however, an air of excitement prevailed when the Speaker called both chambers together in the Argyle Assembly Hall. In a hushed House he demanded to know who was responsible for plugging the toilets and at the same time gave a severe warning that, should the fire alarm bell be mysteriously rung once again, the proroguing of parliament would be delayed one week.

After this affairs ran more smoothly until, a week after the initial bombing, the Republic of Lower Smog, realizing that it was from her territory that the fatal bomb had been launched, sent a note of regret to the Canadian government. When a runner arrived with the news parliament was hastily called and after a heated debate decided that, since the roof had started to leak, and since the loyal cadets, after being out of doors for a week were not quite so loyal, the apology should be accepted along with a substantial cash indemnity.

So ended the One Week War. To-day, if you should pass Ashbury College, the institution which so nobly served its country, you can see many plaques commemorating the great event, the most prominent being "Danger-Building Condemned."

J.R. Laidler

APATHY

Ah! I lay there peacefully in the sun,
In Viet Nam off went a gun:
Dead in the mud there lay a man.
Oh Boy! I've got a lovely tan.

N. Macleod



CONNAUGHT HOUSE NOTES

The American Dream has disclosed itself within the wall of Ashbury College as Connaught House, now 'bigger and better', made its mark throughout the School year.

The year opened not only with a new name but with a new House to match, as one-half of the day-boys became members of the growing organization now known as Connaught House. And New Improved Connaught put Brand W. to shame, as in test after test Connaught emerged as the victor, and (at this time) is the first house to win every single house competition.

With a good start in the first term, we were represented by Aboud, Ashton (Manager), Bacon, Budovitch, Church, Graham, Luciani I, Stratton, Clubb, Ellis, Fogel, Morrison, and Chivers (co-capt.) in the First Football Team, while Barnes I, Bennett I, Berkovitch, Hallett, Halupka, Harlley, Kenny, Macdonnell, Macdonald, and Went played with the First Soccer.

Connaught House members who worked equally hard on the Second Teams were: Anapolsky, Boyd, Dickson, Scott, Robertson, Luciani I, Slobogan, Wilson, Hart, Croal, Heaney, Webster, Barnes II, Bennett I, Yaxley II, Hallett, Jokinen, Luciani II, Mangifesta, and Grant-Whyte (capt.) led the Second Soccer to the city finals.

Modesty prevents me from expounding on the coaching of the winning House soccer teams at the end of the first term.

The second term brought out Connaught's share of winter athletes with Aboud, Chivers, Macdonald, Church, Boyd, Fogel, Morrison, and Hallett (capt.) in the First Hockey Team. Their compatriots on the Ski Team were Bacon, Stratton and Grant-Whyte. Budovitch (skip), Schofield and Kenny were Connaught's curling representatives while Whitwill, Dickson, and Harcourt went into the new Swimming Team. Our Second Hockey members were Cahn (manager) Scott, Croal, Slobogan, Luciani II, Pimm, Johnston II Anapolsky, Pryde (v.-capt.) and Yaxley II (v.-capt.).

Following several years' practice, once again Ashbury and Elmwood combined to present another Gilbert and Sullivan operetta. The leads in 'Patience' were monopolized by Hallett, Stratton, Macdonald, Macdonnell, and Aboud, whose appendicitis forced him out in the final week. Backing them up in the chorus were Johnston I and Wilson, while Anapolsky, Luciani II, and Stoddard I worked back-stage and Pike helped paint the sets. As usual, our Housemaster was in over-all charge of the production.

The second but last Wednesday of term revived a long forgotten house competition—swimming. In this, we again furthered our winning streak.

Leaving slightly before the end of term were Budovitch, Macdonnell, Chivers and Ashton who had notable, if varying success with the girls as they travelled on the school's second Europe Trip.

Along with the Spring Term came Ian Johnson, an exchange student from Shawnigan Lake School, Vancouver Island, as Bryan Boyd went west.

Besides our new member came cadets, in a special, condensed version; but somehow we all managed, and when it was over Cadet Stratton emerged as the best recruit and Cadet Capt. Barnes captured the best officer's trophy. Participating in the inspection were Cadet Lts. Graham (2 Platoon) and Hallett (3 Platoon) while Cadet Cpls Macdonnell, Berkovitch, Macdonald, Went, Morrison and Luciani I helped compose the Guard of Honour. Anapolsky, Johnston I, Bacon, Aboud, Bennett I, Budovitch, Harlley and Drum Major Fogel were our Band members. In the gym display, Barnes I, Robertson and Luciani I, performed singles. Barnes II, Church, Kenny, Harcourt, Ross and Tanos competed as members of the track team. The Cricket Team had Slobogan, Cahn, Stoddard, Stiles, Macdonald, Pimm, Pryde, Grant-Whyte as Connaught House members.

Macdonnell (Hercules) and Macdonald (Zeus) starred in the first Ashbury-Elmwood straight play, The Rape of the Belt, performed in the middle of May.

Giving voice during the year were choir members Dickson, Cahn, Aboud, Johnston, Hallett, Macdonald, Stoddard II and Walker II. Various members of the House served in the chapel in various ways, under the direction of Barnes I.

Last but not least came the authorities: Connell (until illness forced him to leave) as Boarder Prefects, with Gaskell and Johnston as our Day-boy Prefects. Connaught House Room-Captains were Graham, Hallett, Halupka, Stiles and Went who did a fine job during the year.

My apologies to any people omitted in the confusion of dashing off these comments but I have done my best to include everyone. As for the few who aren't mentioned in the teams, their spirit was just as evident on the side lines as was that of those playing.

We now await examinations, the House Dinner, and the end of term in ascending order of enthusiasm.

Best wishes to Connaught in the upcoming year, and stay where you should be — at the top.

C.E.S. Barnes

Quite a year! But even if we had lost everything, one thing would have stood out — the general atmosphere of cheerful friendliness and co-operation which has prevailed throughout the House. This is more important than anything else, and is due in no small measure to the admirable blend of enthusiasm and unpompous firmness with which Charlie Barnes has led Connaught during his two years in office. We thank him — we shall miss him — and we wish him well.

G.W.T.

WOOLLCOMBE HOUSE NOTES

Under the new two-House system, the Day-Boys were divided between the two boarding Houses; Woollcombe's numbers thus rose to seventy. Mr. J.A. Glover continued as Housemaster; Mr. H. Penton assumed the appointment of Master-in-Charge of Day-Boys, and Mr. J.F. Petty took over the position of House Tutor to the Boarders.

Pat Barott added the office of Head of House to that of Head of the School; the other Prefects were Clen Cairns, Keltie Kennedy, Charles Perlman and John Turton. The Room Captains were Charles Maclaren, Rob Elkin, Lenny Rosenkek and Mike Kelly; on the departure of the last three of these on the Unesco Associated Schools of Canada trip to Japan, Marc Duguay, Roger Ramsay and Jay Ronalds were appointed to replace them. Woollcombe failed to prevail in inter-House competitions, but there is more to be said about individual achievements. Paul Don was the first winner of the Tiny Hermann Memorial Scholarship. The House took all of the Ski Team awards, the Coristine Cup for the best cross-country skier going to Paul Don and the Evan Gill Trophy for the most valuable member of the team to Jim Cuttle; the Ashbury cup for the most improved skier was awarded to Charles Maclaren. The Lee Snelling Trophy for the most valuable member of the First Football was awarded to Pat Barott and the Tiny Hermann Trophy for the most improved player to John Turton. Rick Carlton received the Anderson Trophy for the most valuable player on the First Soccer Team and Greg Bowen shared the Fraser Trophy for the most valuable member of First Hockey. At the Cadet Inspection John Turton, as Cadet Major, received the Commanding Officer's medal; Tom Bates and Jim Beqaj received the awards for the best Bandsman and best N.C.O. respectively. Keltie Kennedy commanded the Guard of Honour, which included Charles Maclaren, Richard Bissonnet, Greg Bowen, Christopher Cook, David Dollin and Sydney Wilansky.

The final event of the year will be the House Dinner at the Chateau Laurier on 10 June. We look forward to receiving as guests Mr. and Mrs. Byford, who have done so much for those members of Woollcombe who have lived in their house this year.

G.R. Cairns
C.L. Perlman

As Housemaster of Woollcombe I would like to thank Mr. Penton, Mr. Petty, Pat Barott, the Prefects and Room Captains for their help during the year. I would also like to congratulate those members of the House who have achieved distinction in one field or another.

J.A.G.

EUROPE 1970

Once again this year I took a party of boys from the Senior and Junior School on an educational cruise during the Easter holidays. The majority of the time was spend aboard a school ship of the British India Company, the SS Uganda, which started from Liverpool and called at several Western Mediterranean ports.

We flew by BOAC to Manchester, where we had a bumpy landing, and were taken by bus through a heavily industrialised part of Lancashire to the dock at Liverpool, where we met the 700 other students and teachers who were to be our companions for the next couple of weeks. We sailed in the evening into a fairly rough weather and the next day found us in even rougher weather in the Bay of Biscay. Some of us sicker than others: Young Dave losing a couple of valuable pounds to the ocean during the day. However, the next day dawned bright and sunny and the journey was broken by a detour into Vigo Bay, scene of Nelson's naval battle.

Lisbon was passed during the night and the next day was spend sailing along the coast, with the rounding of Cape St. Vincent and the close passage of Sagres, with its monument of Prince Henry the Navigator, an important land mark. Gibraltar was rounded during the night and early risers saw us dock in Malaga on Palm Sunday morning.

A tour of the city, including the Moorish castle of Gibr-el-Faro and the palace of El Kazar and, of course, the bullring, took up the morning, while the afternoon was spent wandering, eating, drinking or just soaking up the sun in the palm tree park. During the afternoon and again in the evening there was a huge Palm Sunday procession through the streets with several massive floats taking 100 or more men to carry them. The whole show was most impressive. For the evening

show our young gentlemen acted as chaperones for some girls from Birmingham, the shortness of whose skirts was proving worthy of the attentions of the youth of Malaga.

The ship sailed at 2 a.m., almost without several teachers, and headed up the Spanish coast towards the Balearic Island of Majorca and the port of Palma. Uganda docked in the early morning and after disembarkation a bus took us to "downtown" Palma, where the first shopping of the trip was done and where numerous huge sombreros were purchased — it seemed a good idea at the time. A guided tour in the afternoon showed us the Cathedral and the particularly beautiful Basilica San Francisco and the inevitable bullring. In the evening the students sampled some of the local brew (in temperate quantities), and after they had retired for the night their teachers enjoyed flamenco dancing at a night club before rounding out the morning at Sgt. Peppers — a discotheque.

Accompanied by a few sleepy heads and bleary eyes, we left Palma and pursued a leisurely course through the rest of the Balearic Islands and then southwards for the port of Oran in Algeria. We tied up at the dock in Oran to the accompaniment of Arab horsemen and a group of dancers who kept showing up all over the place during the day and deafening everyone with their guns. During the morning bus tour we were taken to the huge hill overlooking the city, showing the older part, the Casbah, and the wooden French section. The harbour of Misr-el-Kebir held much of the French Fleet during 1940 and was now, we were told, occupied by Soviet Submarines. The afternoon was spent shopping but tourism (thank God) has not come to Oran. Here was not much attempt to attract the American Buyer; but the market area proved most rewarding and chicken dinner alive and kicking. Noisy bargaining and haggling were entirely absent.

We sailed from Oran in the evening and the next day passed Gibraltar. This was most disappointing because it was blowing force 8; the Rock was shrouded in cloud and mist and it was pouring with rain. We all hoped that the weather would change for the better the next day when we were due to arrive in Lisbon. It did just that, and we saw the early sun rise over the Salazar Bridge spanning the River Tagus and the huge statue of the Risen Christ on the south shore of the river. We docked close to the bridge and took a bus to Black Horse (square) in Lisbon and spent the morning wandering about and shopping. In the afternoon a bus tour took us around the city to the large national stadium, the beautifully-kept nautical museum and the huge monument to da Gama, which stands on the spot from which he set sail. The evening was sport dining at the (expensive) Folklore Club, where the food was excellent and the traditional singing (fado) and dancing good but a little monotonous — though no doubt the Portuguese have a

finer appreciation of its qualities. On Easter Sunday we boarded a local train for the beaches at Estoril a few miles up the coast where we frolicked under the gorgeous sun but were not very brave about the water.

Then it was back to the ship, which sailed after lunch — a moving experience as we passed under the bridge again, overlooked all the time by the concrete statue of Christ with background of the Hallelujah Chorus on the ship's P.A. system.

Whilst making for Lisbon the ship's boilers had begun to develop trouble, and so the Uganda could only manage some 13 or 14 knots instead of the usual 17 or 18, and so the Captain decided to make for Southampton and not Liverpool as originally planned.

Arriving in Southampton early in the morning we were taken by bus into London, the weather being typically English — it snowed. We were taken around the Tower of London and St. Paul's Cathedral before going to the Royal Holloway College in Egham, where we stayed. The next couple of days we visited Westminster Abbey and saw Buckingham Palace as well as Stratford-on-Avon on a bus trip. Other activities included visits to Carnaby Street, a couple of strip-tease shows (so I hear) and a lesson in beer drinking and dart throwing at the Pack Horse, Egham. Then on Sunday morning it was all over: on to another 707 (after some confusion during which it looked like we might just be forced to stay an extra day or two) and a smooth flight to Montreal, still covered with snow.

What of the life on board ship? The day was organized into classes as on a school day, and each group was assigned a special subject for each period: there were lectures on the places we were visiting, giving both historical background and shipping tips; classroom periods which were used primarily for our own organization and money changing rituals; and games' periods where our Cannucks proved totally insuperable in deck hockey, much to the distaste of the ships officers' team who rather fancied their chances. Our boys were awarded the prize for this sport: no mention will be made of their showing in the tidy dormitory competition. In the evening there was always a modern movie and usually a dance, too, for the students. Other divertissements included a fun-fair, 'horse-racing' and a concert on the last night at sea. We felt we had to use this opportunity to show the Canadian Flag a bit, and so a lecture was given and some papers ("courtesy" the Canadian Government Travel Bureau) distributed. A Roughriders vs Argos film with Pat Barott and Mike Kelly as commentators was much enjoyed. Other teachers and the ship's officers (especially the Captain) were most impressed by the standard of our boys' behaviour and maturity (and size), and it was most satisfactory to have these compliments paid. For their part they had a rewarding and enjoyable trip,

even though the menus were not very North American, and there has been an increase in transatlantic mail.

For my part, this being my second excursion, I should like to say a big thank you to all the boys in the party for proving so easy to manage and such pleasant company on the trip. I seriously hope to escort a party on a somewhat more sophisticated trip — including the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe — during the summer of 1971.

A.E.

ASPECTS OF AN AQUARIUM

My aquarium consists of a 64-ounce Javex bottle, several stones, some weed, two large (and several smaller) snails, water and eight fish (guppies).

The reason for each of the above is as follows: the bottle as a container; the stones, to trap oxygen and give the young guppies a place of refuge; the weed, to give food by photo-synthesis and for oxygen; the snails are used to keep the water clean. The use of the water is to keep the fish, snails and weed alive and to stop the rocks from cracking. The fish are used to give reason to all of this.

My main purpose in keeping the aquarium is to show how intricate the Balance of Nature is: here the fish depend on the snails to clean up the water, and on the weed to give oxygen and food. The snails depend on the fish for food and on the weed for oxygen and indirectly to feed the fish. The weed depends on the snails to supply it with fertilizer and carbon dioxide, and on the fish for the same reasons.

If you removed any of the six components from the aquarium, it would cease to exist. If you took away the container, it would be like destroying the earth. If you removed the rocks, it would be taking away all refuge for the smaller animals. If you took away the water, it would be like taking away the atmosphere. If you took away the weed, it would be like destroying all plant life. If the fish and snails were removed, it would be like taking away all animal life.

Yet this is what man is doing with the pesticides (such as DDT) and the herbicides. When the birds die from eating contaminated insects, it upsets an infinitely more varied Balance of Nature than I have in my fish bottle-bowl.

N.W. Polk



CONFIRMATION CLASS

Back: A.C. Macfarlane, T.M.W. Kuhn, S.J. Rigby.
 Front: B.H. Chick, Rev. E.E. Green, V.T. MacDermot.
 In Front: J.J. Arnold.

CHAPEL NOTES

Weekday Services

First the Junior School and then the Senior School would occupy the Chapel at the beginning of most school days for a short service of hymn, bible reading and prayer. Junior School Monitors and Senior School Prefects and Room Captains read the lessons.

Sunday Services

On most Sunday nights Evensong was sung in the Chapel. Lessons were read by the Headmaster and by Masters and Prefects. Guest preachers included the Rev. Blair Dixon, Mr. Leslie Barnes, the Rev. William Belford. Addresses were also given by Masters, Hugh Penton and Geoffrey Thomson and students, Robert Pimm and Charles Barnes.

Other Services

Holy Baptism took place on 28 September when Foster Faye's baby boy, William Ronald, was baptized.

Three weddings took place in the Chapel, one being the marriage of a former Master, Paul Marland.

Confirmation was conducted on 14 March by Bishop Greenwood for six boys of the Junior School. Their first communion was the following morning.

Candlelight Carol Services were conducted on 14 and 15 December. The first congregation was mainly the student body, the second parents and friends. The Chairman of the Board of Governors was amongst those who read lessons.

On two occasions the College worshipped in other places. On 8 February we participated in worship at Christ Church Cathedral and on 3 May had our annual Cadet Church Parade to St. Bartholomew's.



THE SERVERS

Back Row: D.M.W. Stewart, J.G. Macdonald, W.W. Stratton.
 Front Row: W.M. Church, C.E.S. Barnes, Rev. E.E. Green, N.C. Macdonnell, E.W.C. Cahn.
 Absent: A.A. Luciani, R.G. Luciani.

In each case the Rector of the parish conducted the service and preached.

The Holy Eucharist was celebrated on some Sundays at 8:20 a.m. and on All Saints' Day and Ash Wednesday. At one evening Service of Holy Communion a Folk Mass Guitar Group provided the music. At another a modern liturgy was used.

A Closing Service was conducted by the Chaplain on the last day of term, 11 June.

Thank You

We are greatly indebted to Mrs. Gwynne-Timothy for her devoted care of the altar furnishings and choir robes; to Mrs. Joyce and Mrs. Marland for their ingenuity in arranging altar flowers; to those who were concerned enough to share their thoughts with us; to Mr. Thomson and the choir for good musical leadership; to Charles Barnes and Pat Barott and the many students who assisted in the conduct of Services, as servers, sidesmen, announcers, musicians, cross-bearers, and in other ways; and to all those who made it possible for us to contribute over \$100 to World Relief and Development.

Comment

To the student body Ashbury Chapel represents both the 'organized church' and the college administration.' As such it has become for some a centre of protest-protest which takes the form of non-participation. Young people are in revolt against irrelevancy (with which they associate the institutional church). They also oppose authority (which they see in School administration). In a unique way the chapel, the very symbol of these 'evils', has allowed some students a small measure of opportunity to express their feelings. Very curious! And worth thinking about!!

E.E.G.

WILLING SUSPENSION OF DISBELIEF

In the summer of '69 the National Arts Centre opened the doors of its three auditoriums, so generously provided by the nation at large for the enjoyment of the citizens of Ottawa. The pessimists predicted that Ottawa would react with indifference to this treasure chest, that the seats in the three halls would be mainly empty. But enthusiasm, curiosity and a commendable determination to enjoy all that the theatre has to offer have ensured an overall attendance rate of over 70%. And Ashbury has played its own small but bright-eyed part in this confounding of the sceptics.

When the School Year opened in September, the National Arts Centre's summer production in the Studio, *Love and Maple Syrup*, was in its last few days. Several boys had been on their own to listen to this musical entertainment and they were keen to pay a second visit. So it was decided that the whole School should attend a matinee performance of *Alchemist*. Some boys were, to say the least, dubious about the wisdom of this decision, but three buses were ordered and on a Wednesday afternoon the Senior School found itself occupying some of the best seats in the house. The house-lights dimmed, and Subtle, Face and Dol Common began to weave the magic of the theatre, a magic which took the boys first by surprise and then captivated them, so completely in fact that two boys who had legitimate reasons for leaving during the second interval seemed to have forgotten their pressing engagements and stayed till the exciting end. During the following days the general reaction was one of delight and of desire to go again, frequently. Even those who had been sceptical admitted that "it wasn't bad". And so a visit to *Hamlet* was arranged. Unfortunately for us, 20,000 other people had the same idea about the matinees, and as there were only 8,000 matinee seats available during the month, we planned a visit in the evening. Grade 13 who were studying *Hamlet* had preference, but in the party of fifty boys that attended there were representatives from each of the grades down to Grade 9.

The fun and frolics, the earthy humour and machinery of Ben Johnson's play contrasted effectively with the urgency and soliloquies, the black humour and the final bloodbath of Shakespeare's tragedy. Both had their own particular appeal for the boys, and the productions of the Stratford players allowed the boys to see drama leap from the printed page onto the boards, and to appreciate the powers of illusion that lie within the talents of a professional actor.

The theatre bug had struck and no sooner was the notice posted announcing a visit to the Studio, than the sheet was covered with fifty names. This time we saw four satirical comments on the contemporary scene in the shape of *Four Plays — alias America Hurrah* by Jean-

Claude Van Itallie. In the intimacy of the Studio the boys were both fascinated, especially by the choreography and slick timing of *The Interview*, and *challenged* to unearth and understand the message of each play. Conversation and controversy were plentiful in the intervals, and the eyes, which all night had been sparkling with excitement, emerged after the last play, *Motel*, wider still. Class discussions the next day revealed the degree of excited involvement that had taken place the night before.

To round off the first term some boys went to the Ottawa Little Theatre for a change of pace called Charley's Aunt. Here there is no social significance, only an evening of belly laughs, a good way to welcome in the Christmas season.

As soon as the boys returned from their holidays we again went to the Little Theatre, this time to have our spines tingled and our minds puzzled by the intricate and suspenseful plot of *Wait Until Dark*. Although several boys had seen the film of the same name, they all enjoyed the evening's thrills.

February and early March were devoted to the rehearsals for *Patience* and so the opportunity to see either *The Hostage* or *The Empire Builders* as a group was lost. However, individual boys did see both the plays, and the current topic of conversation became the message and the identity of Schmurz of the Boris Vian play. The one consolation in the haze of speculation was the playwright's assurance that each and every man's interpretation was valid. And with this authority each man protected his own judgment.

It seemed the determined policy of the Stratford players to stimulate our intellects while entertaining us, for the next production in the Studio was again satirical and controversial. We were invited to attend the final dress-rehearsal of *Three Plays* by Mrozek, Poland's leading political satirist and Europe's most performed young playwright. Although set in three very different situations — a raft at sea, an oculist's office, a bare room that entertains two monstrous hands — the themes of the plays are similar, that men, in situations not of their own making, make decisions and choices, often ruthlessly, to protect and preserve themselves and their personal freedom. The boys were stimulated but said that they had enjoyed America Hurrah more. But who can object when the seats are free, as were these.

The School came back in April and seats were immediately booked for *The School for Scandal* and *The Merchant of Venice*. It says a great deal for Sheridan's ability with dialogue and plot, and for the actors' polished performances that the boys thoroughly enjoyed the play even though we had a cold wait for over an hour for the bus and had to miss the first forty-five minutes of the play. Much of these opening scenes is given to necessary exposition, which the boys missed, but they man-

aged, with the help of some prior explanation, to pick up the threads and to appreciate the delights of this comedy of manners.

Sixty boys saw the first play, but the party for *The Merchant* was eighty strong and had to be accommodated with two visits. This time the bus arrived on time, and with our faith in the bus company and heaven restored, we had a thoroughly enjoyable evening with Shylock. The mystical combination of actors, costumes, dialogue, gesture and plot acted out against the ingeniously designed set, never fails to assert its magic and no one finds it difficult to suspend disbelief.

The final performance of the season was James Reaney's *Easter Egg* in the Studio, and "this fairy tale for adults about madness and meanness," which explores the world of an emotionally handicapped twenty-one year old, fascinated the boys with its unusual plot.

In addition to the visits to the National Arts Centre, Grades 7, 8, 9 and 10, together with students from Elmwood and Rockcliffe Park Primary School, participated in a Prologue to the Performing Arts. The format for the three programmes was the same; a performance lasting about forty minutes followed by a question period of twenty minutes. The three programmes introduced the students to three art forms (drama, opera and ballet) with performances of Van Itallie's *Interview*, the comic opera *The Boor*, and a sequence tracing the development of dancing.

This list of visits is lengthy and is testimony to the fact that many of the boys at Ashbury have discovered the charm and attraction of live theatre. Admittedly it is more enjoyable to sit in a comfortable seat and to lose yourself for two and half hours in the land of make-believe than to occupy a hard seat in the all-too-familiar atmosphere of the prep-room, but I firmly believe that there is a considerable element of genuine interest and enjoyment in the attitude of those boys who have "discovered" the theatre for the first time this year. What started as a civic duty to support the Arts, has become a real pleasure. Long may the National Arts Centre and the Stratford Players thrive, and long may the citizens of Ottawa evince such admirable good sense, so that Ashbury boys may continue to enjoy their frequent visits to the theatre.

P.H.J.

THE ASHBURY COLLEGE LADIES' GUILD

1969 — 1970 Executive

Honourary President.....	— Mrs. W.A. Joyce
President.....	— Mrs. B.H. Chick
Vice-President.....	— Mrs. G.F. Henderson
Secretary.....	— Mrs. D.K. Stilborn
Treasurer.....	— Mrs. T.L. Bates
Ways & Means Committee.....	— Mrs. I.M. Johnston
	— Mrs. D.D. Hogarth
Executive Member-at-large.....	— Mrs. G.W. Martin
Montreal Representatives.....	— Mrs. P.H. Davies
	— Mrs. H.M. Jacquays

The Guild was formed 21 years ago to help by providing much-needed choir robes. Since then profits from various activities have been used for bursaries, prizes, band instruments, stage curtains, silverware, movie projector, piano, \$3,000.00 for books for the library, choir robes once again, carpeting and credence shelves for the Chapel and furniture for the common rooms.

Three years ago the membership of the Guild was at its lowest — 49 members. As of the March meeting the number was 58 — the highest ever. Being the guests of Ashbury College for lunch twice a year has had a great deal to do with the rise in membership. Our meetings, combined with a wonderful lunch, make for a very pleasant afternoon, topped off when Mothers may take their sons home with them for holidays.

It is my feeling that the purpose of the Guild is not only for raising money for helping the College, but for bringing together parents, especially parents who have sons away from home, and friends who through the years have a continuing interest in the growth of Ashbury. Even those who are unable to attend the meetings are kept informed by the letter which goes out twice a year, so they too can know that they are taking part in the activities of the Guild and have a better understanding of the school they choose to send their sons to.

I should like to thank the Headmaster, the staff — and here I must very much include the household staff — and all our members for their unfailing encouragement and support.

Eileen A. Chick
(President)

MALAK KARSH

The photograph of Ashbury College choir, which appeared in the press last Christmas, was taken by Malak Karsh of Malak Photographs Ltd. in the School Chapel after the traditional Candlelight Service.

Mr. Malak (so-called to distinguish him from his brother Yusaf Karsh, who is also a well-known Ottawa photographer), came to Canada from Armenia in 1939. He is married and has two grown-up sons and a young daughter, now attending Elmwood.

In 1968, Mr. Malak became a Master of Photographic Arts, a degree conferred by the Professional Photographers of Canada, and last year the Eastern Ontario Branch of that body named him Photographer of the Year. The main part of the award was an airline ticket to any part of the world chosen by Mr. Malak. — he is hoping to visit Japan and the Far East.

His work is mainly with commercial and industrial photography. He is the North American Public Relations representative for the Netherlands Flower Bulb Institute and for Florists' Transworld Delivery (F.T.D.). Anyone who has seen the Reader's Digest book "Canada: This Land, This People" may remember the stunning title page with a panoramic view of the Ottawa River, just one of several examples of Malak's work in the book. And then there was the National Film Board's publication "Stones of History"—all the exterior colour photography was by Mr. Malak.

E.B.

PATIENCE AT ELMWOOD

Ashbury College and Elmwood School joined forces for the fourth time to produce a Gilbert and Sullivan comic operetta, *Patience or Bunthorne's Bride*, in the assembly hall of Elmwood on 12 and 13 March 1970. The capacity audience arrived early and settled in for a treat and they were not disappointed.

Patience is not one of the most popular of the operettas because its satire of the aesthetic movement has seemed outdated heretofore. However its merciless spoofing of youthful adulation for a love object and the rapid transference of affection when yet another self-centered aesthete comes along, seems timely again.

The plot is the usual formula of misunderstanding, mystery, misalliance and misery. Twenty lovesick maidens have forsworn their old suitors in the Dragoons to worship hopelessly the adored Bunthorne, who apparently ignores them. Into this impasse comes yet another aesthete and the maidens forsake Bunthorne for the new, even more



"Patience"



poetic, poet. *Patience*, the one girl untouched by the mass hysteria, is taught the meaning of love — suffering. At the finale all loose ends are caught up in neat pairs, true love triumphs, hypocrisy is cast aside, and vintage devotion is rewarded and Bunthorne is left with his true love — his aesthetic image of himself.

Jon Macdonald as the aesthete Bunthorne was a real crowd pleaser. He carried his role off with a dash that would make any number of maidens swoon. (Ashbury may well be the only school in Ottawa where it is necessary to provide wigs for long-hair roles.) Dell Hallett as the rival poet, Grosvenor, won our hearts as easily as those of the Rapturous maidens.

Patience, the Dairy Maid, was beautifully acted and sung by Jacqueline Heard. Deborah Grills as Angela added a lively sparkle to the role and shows great presence in both singing and acting. Her glamorous partners were Jennifer Coyne (*The Lady Saphir*) and Jennifer Chance (*The Lady Ella*). Lady Jane, the vintage “maiden,” was played with a sure sense of comedy by Mary Margaret Southcott.

Special mention should be made of the unfortunate illness of Doug Aboud who was to have played Major Murgatroyd. At the last moment Mr. Josselyn took over the role and filled in most effectively. He was ably backed up by Norman Macdonnell as the Colonel and Bill Stratton as the Duke. It was the first time in the series that members of the Ashbury staff were not used to strengthen the cast, and in this production it was evident that the three years of musical training have yielded a large enough pool of trained talent to cast a major production more than adequately from the student body at Ashbury.

Elmwood has always been able to supply, in seemingly unlimited quantity, all the lovely talented singing actresses who are demanded for the roles. They sing, they dance, they act and they delight the eyes.

The two sets added greatly to the visual effect of the production. And a special word of thanks to the technical staff who did yeoman service in all the details of lighting and special effects with the very limited facilities available.

Mr. Geoffrey Thomson as Producer-Director is to be congratulated for the quality and the standard of excellence that was maintained. He was most ably assisted again by Mrs. Lorna Harwood-Jones.

Patience delighted all who saw it and it seemed to be agreed by those in attendance that it was a useful addition to the popular and rewarding collaboration of Ashbury and Elmwood.

E.C.P.

ADDRESS

BY

THE CAPTAIN OF SCHOOL

P.W. Barott

Mr. Chairman, Mr. Joyce, ladies and gentlemen and students:

Another school year is quickly coming to an end. For me it is not just another school year but the end of my secondary education, at least I hope it is. Having been here for six years I have a lot of fond memories and some which I shall do my best to quickly forget.

Looking back on this year, I cannot forget the first day with the usual warm greetings from friends I had not seen for the whole summer. As always the old experienced hands like to watch the new boys arrive — they really don't have any idea what's going on, and this is very obvious from the vague looks on their faces. But everybody has their own thoughts about the coming year — anticipating the good and the less good.

Another incident which I shall fondly remember is the Bishop's, football game that we won 30 to 11 as a result of great team spirit. We thoroughly enjoy all our games with the other private schools, Bishop's Stanstead and Lakefield, and they bring out the competitive spirit in all our teams. No coach has to talk it up before these games, and on the field every player gives a hundred percent. But the great thing is that after the games, at least with Bishop's and Stanstead, we are the best of friends and can appreciate the best moves, even of the other team.

A great many evenings this year were spent down at the National Arts Centre. We did not always make it on time, but we made it, and thoroughly enjoyed every play. I feel we are very lucky to live in Ottawa and have the opportunity to enjoy the delights of the theatre. Naturally our enjoyment is enhanced because we know that we are also furthering our education in this direction. Then there was D. Day, better known as 1 May, when Mr. Anderson won his battle against long hair. The Cadet Corps looked very sharp this year, but I think I speak for all the students when I say that I hope that this is the last year that sideburns will come off and red uniforms go on. I appreciate the fact that we have yet to find a suitable alternative — but this can be one of the tasks for next year's student body.

This brief series of outstanding memories must, of course, lead to the climax of the year, today, with all its ceremonies. Only those intimately involved in preparing for today will know just how many prayers we

offered up in order to ensure this fine weather. And so the sun is, thankfully, shining on us all — and, we hope that Fate will be equally kind, in the shape of satisfactory exam results. Lots of fingers are crossed and I'm told several guys have taken to wearing sandals so that they can do the same with their toes. And if we are successful, next year will see us starting afresh at universities all over Canada.

This new life will bring new freedom. We must all fight against the danger of identifying this freedom as licence. It will be freedom to choose, freedom to work and freedom to develop, not freedom to go to the devil. And therefore the key-note for the future is optimism, but optimism tempered by the realisation of the need for self-discipline. Before leaving this topic, I would like to thank my fellow prefects for making this what many of the other students have called the best year for a long time. We leave with obviously mixed feelings. We will go our separate ways and some of us may not see each other again. It's a funny feeling to spend a year with someone and then never see him again.

The well is running dry, and so am I. All that remains is for me to offer my thanks to almost everybody here today for making this year a most enjoyable one for me. I feel that the school has taken several definite steps forward this year, and one of them was the enlightened attitude that it took to the question of haircuts. As Mr. Green pointed out in one of his sermons earlier this year, this really rather unimportant question of hair has tended to get out of proportion with both generations, and the school seems to have settled the issue both sensibly and to the satisfaction — of most.

I'd like to say 'Goodbye' to all you guys, because I don't anticipate shaking 160 hands between now and 5 o'clock. Also, thank you to all the staff, especially Mr. Joyce, Mr. Marland and the two housemasters. Have a good summer all of you, and please be kind, even generous, with those marks.

Annual Ceremonial Inspection

The school's annual Cadet Corps inspection took place this year on Friday 8 May. The inspecting officer was Brigadier General W.K. Lye, M.B.E., C.D.

If anything, we faced this years inspection with somewhat more apprehension than normal. This was largely the consequence of an unseasonable spell of cool, wet weather which reduced our 'parade square' to a quagmire and which dragged on to a point perilously close to the great day. None the less conditions did improve at last, and a burst of frenzied activity in the final week produced a very respectable result. The ceremonial was executed with precision and smoothness and the various demonstrations, we hope, were of interest both to the inspecting officer and our audience of parents and friends.

Awards were made as follows:

Most Promising Recruit — Cadet W.W. Stratton
Most Conscientious H.C.O. — Cadet Sgt. J.K. Beqaj
Best Bandsman — T.A. Bates
Best Officer — Cadet Lt. C.E. Barnes
C.O.'s Award — Cadet Major J.C.R. Turton
Best Platoon — No. 1 Platoon Cadet Lt. D. Leger.

One final note. After sixteen years of dedicated service to Ashbury College's Cadet Corps, Major Anderson has retired. Fittingly, on this occasion he was presented with the Canadian Forces' Decoration for good conduct and long service and, from the school, a suitably engraved silver tray. These can be but a small expression of the genuine esteem and gratitude felt by all members of the Corps, past and present, for a man who has devoted so much of his time and energy to their interests.

D.V.

THE BAND



Back Row:

R.B. Kayes, A.S. Johnson, T.A. Bates, R.T. Bacon, D.E. Aboud, M.P. Kelly, A.J. Kufsky, R.A. Anapolsky.

Front Row:

R.L. Bennett, M.H. Dobbin, D.A. McNeil, Drum Major A.E. Fogel, S.B. Budovitch, G. Harlley, P.N. Ballinger.

THE HONOUR GUARD

Back Row:

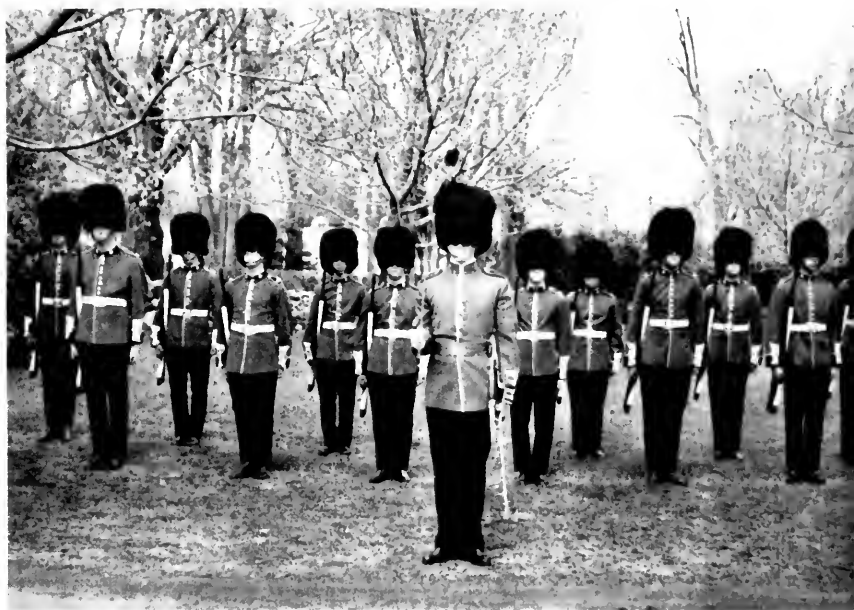
D.B. Dollin, J.G. Macdonald, R.L. Bissonnet, H.S. Went, C.H. Maclaren, G.S. Bowen.

Front Row:

D.J. Morrison, A.A. Luciani, S.M. Wilansky, C.M. Cook, N.C. Macdonnell, J.R. Berkovich.

Officer:

C/Lt. K.B. Kennedy.



OFFICERS & N.C.O's

Back Row:

Drum Major A.E. Fogel, C/Sgt. A.J. Stiles, C/Sgt. G.F.R. McCarney, C/Corp. R.C. Woolam, C/Lt. B.H. Weiner, C/Corp. R.M. Piercey, C/Sgt. J.K. Beqaj, C/Sgt. C.H. Maclaren.

Front Row:

C/Lt. D. Leger, C/Lt. D.R. Hallett, C/Maj. J.C.R. Turton, Lt.Col. W.A. Joyce, C/C.S.M.R.J. Chivers, C/Capt. C.E.S. Barnes, C/Lt. P.J.S. Graham, C/Lt. K.B. Kennedy.



INSPECTION DAY





FIRST FOOTBALL TEAM

Back Row: P.C. Don, H.N. Clubb, W.M. Church, H.J. Ronalds, D.E. Aboud, J.D. Vingoe, M. Duguay, W.W. Stratton.
 Middle Row: W.A. Joyce, Esq., L. Rosenhek, J.K. Beqaj, P.J.S. Graham, R.T. Bacon, D.J. Morrison, J.R. Ellis, S.M. Wilansky, A.F.D. Ashton, R.L. Simpson, Esq.
 Front Row: M.P. Kelly, C.L. Perlman, S.B. Budovitch, J.C.R. Turton, Co-Captain, R.J. Chivers, Co-Captain, P.W. Barott, Co-Captain, B.H. Weiner, A.E. Fogel, G. McCarney.

FIRST FOOTBALL

With coach Bob Simpson and a nucleus of players back from the previous year, hopes were high for another winning season. These hopes were denied though, as Ashbury had a sometimes hot-sometimes cold season. The record: three wins, four losses and one tie.

After only seven practices the boys played their first game. Ashbury lost to Osgoode 15 to 13. Our boys had a good game and there was hope. Fogel got Ashbury two TD's and Chivers kicked a single.

In Almonte the next week the teams played to a 1-1 tie. Kelly hit Clubb for a 70-yard TD which was called back because someone was holding. At Stanstead on the first series of plays, Ashbury marched 65 yards for a touchdown. The opposition then showed the advantage of thirty players and the two platoon system as they wore our squad down and scored six unanswered touchdowns.

Ashbury beat Bishop's for the first time in five years. Touchdowns were scored by Chivers, Turton, Clubb and Weiner. Also Chivers kicked three converts and a field goal. The score 30 — 6. Our boys kept their winning ways by next beating Ottawa University High School 19 to 8. Clubb scored on a pass from Kelly. In the 3rd quarter Kelly ran

for a long touchdown on an end run led by Perlman and Budovitch. Clubb and Budovitch had interceptions.

The Old Boys' game was played in miserable conditions. However, this didn't dampen the spirit of the players who seemed to enjoy themselves fully. The young boys beat the Old Boys 6 to 0.

Ashbury took a 6 to 0 lead over Lakefield only to lose the match 26 to 6. The First Team was captained by Rick Chivers and Pat Barott and managed by Len Rosenhek and Drew Ashton.

It is hoped that each player has fond memories of comradeship. A tackle well made or a pass caught or just learning to hit and be hit.

Ashbury	13	Osgoode	15
Ashbury	1	Almonte	2
Ashbury	6	Stanstead	36
Ashbury	3	Carleton Place	7
Ashbury	30	Bishop's	6
Ashbury	19	Ottawa U HS	8
Ashbury	6	Old Boys	0
Ashbury	6	Lakefield	26

SECOND FOOTBALL



SECOND FOOTBALL TEAM

- Back Row: M.S. Jelenick, M.A.B. Webster, T.G. Martin, P.S.T. Croal, E. Dahlberg, D.J. Siversky, R.S. Childers, S.W. Slobogan, M.H.E. Connell.
- Middle Row: K.D. Niles, Esq., N.W. Polk, K. Rimsa, J.A. Nelson, A. Kufsky, W.S. Hart, R.M. Piercey, D.B. McLellan, H. Penton, Esq.
- Front Row: R. Anapolsky, A. Luciani, M.I.L. Robertson, W.G.R. Wilson, A.J. Stiles, Co-Captain, B.A. Boyd, Co-Captain, D.M. Heaney, T.A. Dickson, I.M.D. Smith, A.N. Scott.

Again this year, the scoreboard presents a dismal picture. However, when placed alongside scoreboards of previous seasons it brightens considerably. The final game against Lakefield will long be remembered by the participants. Boyd's 30-yard completion to Heaney in the dying minutes of the game, the ball resting on Lakefield's 5-yard line with seconds to go, and the unsuccessful attempt to run it over caused at first tremendous elation and finally, at the sound of the gun, bitter disappointment. It was, fittingly, the last game of the season and characterized the aggressive, hard-hitting football that the team played in its previous games but with little success. All members of the team must be commended for their continued enthusiasm and good spirits throughout the season despite the discouraging defeats. Boyd, Stiles, Heaney, Siversky, Robertson, Nelson, Piercey, Childers, Dickson, Wilson, McLellan, and Rimsa deserve mention, not only for their talents, but for their 'staying-power' and unswerving support.

Games:

Rideau Juniors	34	Ashbury	6
Bishop's	39	Ashbury	1
Lakefield	24	Ashbury	18

M.H.P.

FIRST SOCCER

The past season will not be looked upon as one of the most successful in our history but there were moments when the team played extremely well. In the Ottawa High School League our record of only three wins against five losses was not very impressive, although the only team to really out-play us was Ridgemont High School who dominated play throughout the game and beat us easily to the tune of six goals to nil. With a modicum of luck we might have won the remaining seven games, for they were all fairly even matches. This was not to be, however, and we wound up out of the play-offs for the second straight year.

During the early part of the season it had been necessary to make several positional changes and the team did not settle down to playing good Soccer until well into October. Indeed we had great difficulty in selecting a regular goal-tender until forward Greg Bowen accepted the challenge. Greg quickly learned his new position and by the end of the season was playing like a veteran.



FIRST SOCCER TEAM

Back Row: R.G. Ramsay, G.C. Davies, N.C. Macdonnell, G.R. Cairns, R.M. Kenny, J.G. Macdonald.
 Middle Row: W.A. Joyce, Esq., D.A. McNeil, G. Harlley, R.J. Berkovich, K.B. Kennedy, R.C. Woolam, G.S. Bowen, H.S. Went, D.C. Nundy, R.A. Anderson, Esq.
 Front Row: R.L. Bennett, C.H. Maclaren, R.M. Carlton, Captain, C.E.S. Barnes, D.R. Hallett, R.H.D. Halpka.

Once again it was the annual games against three arch-rivals, B.C.S., Stanstead and the Old Boys that seemed to bring out the best Soccer of the season. In the first of these we met Stanstead at home. They had beaten us for the first time ever the previous season and were returning with almost the same team. The game proved to be most exciting and the spectators were treated to some fine defensive Soccer. A scoreless tie resulted and both teams felt they might have won.

Towards the end of October we travelled to B.C.S. knowing that they were very strong and had already beaten Stanstead. To this date we had not lost to B.C.S. in recent history, but all good things must eventually end. The game again featured some fine defensive play by both teams but a strong wind blowing down the field tended to keep play at one end. Once again both teams came close to scoring several times and in the last minute of play B.C.S. scored an opportunist goal to bring our string of victories against them to an end.

The last game of the season was against the Old Boys and proved to be the best of the year for the school team. The Old Boys had put together a powerful team but for the first time all year the school played great positional soccer. A fine hat-trick by George Harlley helped considerably in the 3-2 victory over them. Team Captain Rick Carlton played sound aggressive soccer in every game and very deservedly won the Anderson Trophy as the team's Most Valuable Player. The Perry Trophy for the Most Improved Player went to Jon Macdonald. We will have a good crop of young players on the team next year and things look good for once again reaching the play-offs in High School League competition.

R.J.A.



SECOND SOCCER TEAM

Back Row: D. Pryde, P. Mangifesta, D.C. Paterson, R.G. Pimm, R.J.G. Bennett.
 Middle Row: J.F. Cuttle, E.A. Jokinen, I.D. Cuthbertson, D.G. Rennie, P.G. Copestake,
 D.B. Johnston, A. Egan, Esq.
 Front Row: R.L. Bennett, D.T. Yaxley, R.G. Luciani, R.S. Grant-Whyte, Captain, N.E. Macleod, D.R. Hallett.

SECOND SOCCER

The second soccer enjoyed its most successful season ever this year, reaching the finals of the city High School League Championship. This was no mean feat when one considers that we have only 60 or 70 boys of the right age group to choose from. This does not mean to say that the season was without its disappointments. There was that dreadful game against Rideau H. School when our boys acted more like spectators than active participants and of course we lost 2-0 to an inferior team. The Bishop's game was not a highlight either when numerous defensive blunders gave them a 6-3 win after we had recovered to a 2-2 tie at half-time.

However as the season moved on, the play-off fever was caught by the whole team and saw us through the quarter-final games against Ridgmont H.S. 3-2. Then it was on to Tech (Ottawa Technical H.S.) for the semi-final. This proved to be the high-point of the season: The first game was a scoreless tie until 15 minutes from the end when we scored an opportunist goal, but 90 seconds from time 'Tech' tied it up, and so it was in to sudden-death overtime. Light ran out after some 25 minutes' play and so it was agreed the game continue on the same basis the next day. And so with extreme nervousness we played for another 30 minutes until again we scored and that was it: we were in the final to be played the next day against Champlain H.S.

The tension and effort of the two previous days apparently had taken their toll because the team never rose to the occasion and we lost to a fine team from Champlain 4-0, a couple of strange refereeing calls not helping matters.

I should especially like to make mention of the performances of Nigel Macleod who grew into a most impressive centre-half and Ricky Luciani who improved with every game and was a most reliable defender. Also a word for our goalkeeper Ed Jokinen who took over a difficult position and after his initial nervousness disappeared did a lot to help us get where we did.

A.E.

FIRST HOCKEY

This year 14 games were played with a record of seven wins. Six were close losses and there was one draw. Our largest upset was against Lakefield (6-1). However, they had played 17 games to our three or four at the time.

Our real drive came quite late in the season, in fact during our last two games. We beat the Old Boys, 9-2, and St. Pius in the High School League, 4-3. (The St. Pius match was played in the afternoon, the day after Ashbury dance.)

The season was marked by good and spectacular goal tending, generally a good defence and fair forwards.

We thank Mr. Petty our coach.

D.R. Hallett

FIRST HOCKEY TEAM

Back Row: D.C. Nundy, K.B. Kennedy, J.G. Macdonald, G.F. McCarney, J. Petty, Esq., W.A. Joyce, Esq.
Middle Row: I.M.D. Smith, B.A. Boyd, J.K. Beqaj, D.J. Morrison, M.R. Duguay, W.M. Church.
Front Row: G.S. Bowen, R.J. Chivers, Vice Capt., D.R. Hallett, Capt., M.P. Kelly, Vice-Capt., A.E. Fogel.
Absent: D.E. Aboud.





ASHBURY
SECOND HOCKEY TEAM

Back Row: G.W. Rennie, D.C. Paterson, H. Penton, Esq., E.W. Cahn, E. Dahlberg.
 Middle Row: N. Scott, P.S.T. Croal, S.W. Slobogan, R.G. Luciani.
 Front Row: R.G. Pimm, D. Pryde, Vice Capt., J.K. Beqaj, Capt., D.T. Yaxley, Vice
 Capt., R.A. Anapolsky.
 Absent: D.B. Johnston

SECOND HOCKEY

LCC	4	Ashbury	1
Ashbury	11	Sedbergh	2
Ashbury	5	St. Georges	5

As the scoreboard indicates this season was short but not unsuccessful. The goalkeeping of Pimm and Anapolsky provided a sound basis for the team's defence. Derek Pryde, Jim Beqaj and Peter Croal were tireless performers on the forward line. Despite the number of games played it is hoped that the players learned something of value about the game and will proceed to play first hockey in future years.

M.H.P.



THE SKI TEAM

Back Row: Niles, K.D., Esq., Cook, C.M., Jr. Capt.
 Middle Row: Cairns, G.R., Co-Capt., Bacon, R.T., Stratton, W.W., McNeil, D.A.
 Front Row: Grant-Whyte, R.S., Cuttle, J.F., Maclaren, C.H., Co-Capt., Martin, T.G.,
 Stewart, E.M.W.
 Absent: Don, P.C.

SKIING

Ashbury's First Ski Team took part in two major competitive events this year. The first of these was the Dalton Wood Memorial ski meet held at Camp Fortune. The second, was the Tri-School meet for independent schools held at Owl's Head in the Eastern Townships.

In the Dalton Wood, Ashbury finished fourteenth in a field of 19. Although this was not as good as we might have hoped, we can be consoled in part by the rather fine individual performances of some of our skiers. Paul Don, for example, placed fifth in the slalom event and twelfth in the cross-country. Jimmy Cuttle placed a respectable twenty-second in the giant slalom and twenty-fourth in the slalom.

At Owl's Head our fortunes were much the same. In the team standings we placed fifth out of six. But again some fine individual endeavours did much to compensate. Of particular note were the really first-rate times recorded by Jimmy Cuttle and Charlie Maclaren who finished in second and third places in the slalom event.

The Second Ski Team participated in one major competition in the course of the season. This was the Junior Varsity meet held, again, at Camp Fortune. In this instance, our team result was much better. We finished fourth among a field of 16 local school teams. Special mention should be made of Guy Martineau's very steady performance throughout the whole meet, placing fourth in the slalom, tenth in the giant slalom, and ninth in the cross-country. In addition, Cris Cook did particularly well in the cross-country, placing fourth, and Tom Martin in the giant slalom coming eighth.

K.D.N.



CURLING TEAM

Back Row: R.F. Elkin, R.M. Kenny, W.H. Somerville, Esq.
Front Row: C.A. Schofield, R.B. Kayes, S. Budovitch, Skip.

CURLING

The season began on Armistice Day and ended four months later when Connaught beat the other House, Woolcombe, 9 — 3. 24 matches were played, and there is no great significance in the number.

Owing to some administrative misunderstanding Ashbury had to forgo the annual Lakefield match when it was their turn to come to Ottawa. At Lennoxville, however, on 28 February both teams (Kenny, Elkin, Schofield, Budovitch; Barott, Rosenhek, Kayes, Perlman) beat Bishop's, 9 — 6 and 10 — 4. In the High School League Ashbury finally stood fourth. Budovitch got on very well with his team and skipped. All of next year's probable members of the school rink (Elkin, Kayes, Kenny, Schofield) are experienced players.

Elmwood visitors included Pat Mullen, Nancy Worthern, Lynn Sampson, and Liz Roberts.

H.S.



THE SWIMMING TEAM

Back Row: H.J. Robertson, Esq., S.T. Whitwill.
 Middle Row: S.M. Wilansky, T.A. Dickson.
 Front Row: I.M.D. Smith, S.D. Harcourt, P.G. Copestake.

SWIMMING

Despite small numbers and lack of practising facilities the team did surprisingly well in local competitions. The first meet was the Glebe Invitation meet held at the beginning of the season where the team performed creditably against local swimmers who had had at least one month of swimming. At the Inter-High Swim meet at the end of the season Mark Smith and Sydney Wilansky won places as did the Medley Team comprising Smith I, McEachran, Harcourt I, and Dickson. In overall boys' placings Ashbury was placed eighth in the city.

The climax of the swimming season was the Ashbury Swim meet held at the Rockcliffe Pool. Largely due to superior spirit and organization Connaught emerged comfortable winners.

The swim team consisted of the following members: Whitwill, Wilansky, Smith I, Harcourt I, Copestake, Dickson.

Charles Barnes and Norman Macdonnell deserve special mention for the effort they put into their training.

H.J.R.

CRICKET

It was the Old Boys' match and they had decided to add that most experienced of players, Bobby Simpson, to their team. There were a few noisy preliminaries while backs were slapped and taunts exchanged; then, with Bobby having the intricacies of the game explained to him in two minutes and his having apologised for not turning out in his 'whites', the first ball was bowled at 11:40 a.m.

The school team was a mixture of staff and boys, and, appropriately, the opening pair reflected this fact. While the umpires gave guard and the bowler flexed his muscles in anticipation, Bobby began to talk it up in a way that is now part of the Ashbury scene in fall. He soon had reason for joy, when Nundy from Bihar, was caught with the total at two. Then Mr. Robertson joined Mr. Josselyn and they set about compiling a respectable score. They square cut the ball forcefully for four, tickled it gently down to fine-leg, drove it firmly through the covers, lofted it straight to long-on, hooked it viciously to square-leg and even resorted to cowing it occasionally to mid-wicket.

The bowlers, out of practice, found it difficult to match this range of strokes, and the fielders were frustrated by the innumerable short-singles, and so bowlers came and went regularly. But 88 runs on and Mr. Josselyn's off-stump was uprooted by Philip Loftus. Mr. Robertson continued on his elegant way to 54 runs before being lbw, while wickets fell quite regularly at the other end. Then with the last two boys batting, Bobby Simpson was given his opportunity. Using his soft-ball pitcher's delivery, he hurled the ball at Ian Johnson, who immediately and impertinently drove three balls for four runs each. Next over Mike Copeland again hit the stumps and the school innings closed at 134 runs.

Peter Flynn and Rick Chivers opened the bowling for the school, and immediately troubled the Old Boys' batsmen. Two wickets fell for five runs and then Eric Gill and Philip Loftus added a determined 24 runs. With five down for 31, Bob Millar took guard and began to lay about the bowling. His vigorous 53 caused the school some concern and it was with great relief that Ian Johnson held onto his towering catch. Fortunately, Bob Southam only threatened to score runs, and Bobby Simpson after joyfully scoring his first cricket runs was most appropriately and noisily bowled by Rick Chivers. The Old Boys had scored 117, and the school had won by 21 runs.

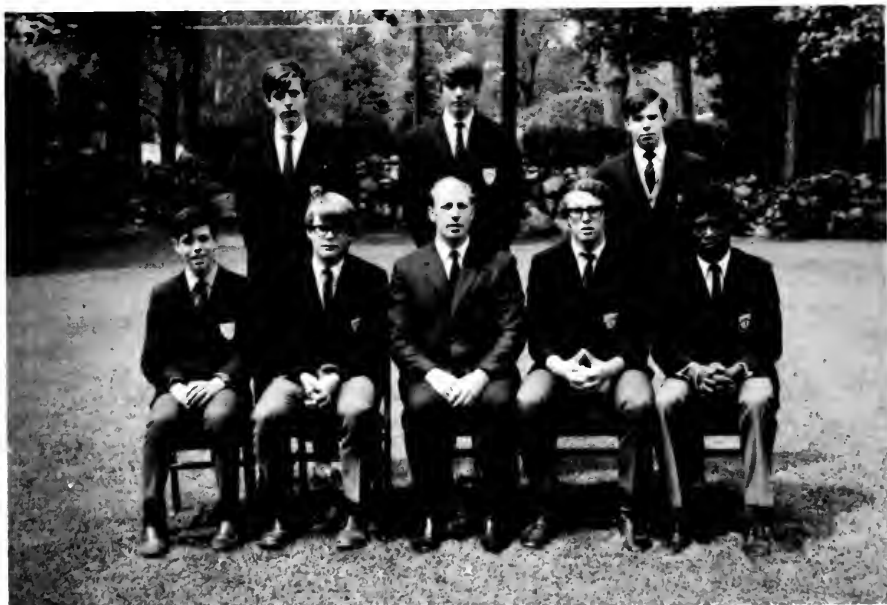
The two matches against Sedbergh were played in fine spirit, and we congratulate Sedbergh on winning both games this year, thanks mainly



to the fine bowling of their player Jackson. The school also had good games against Defence and Mr. Heed's XI. The season finished with the Headmaster's XI v. Boys. The oldsters opened and with a tantalising mixture of powerful hits and delicate short-runs the score raced along at two runs a minute. Apart from the soft-ball coach who was struck out by a bean-ball, everyone contributed their quota of runs to the total of 147. The boys, bewildered by the variety of bowling-styles, managed only 72 runs in reply, of which total Charlie Barnes scored a healthy 30.

The season was short but there are things that must be said: there was Mr. Byford who valiantly turned out to field for the Old Boys when they were short of one player and Ted who, as always, did his best to make the most of it for all of us — and the new Gunn and Moore nets are excellent. Fortunately, this year we have some pictures. We would have had some last year if the cameraman had remembered to put a film in. And many thanks to Ted and the United States FBI representative in Ottawa for umpiring.

Cover-point



TRACK TEAM

SCIENCE CLUB

We started with 11 members but then quickly lost several to other clubs, but then soon got some new members, bringing us back to 10 members. Croal busied himself with first manufacturing, and then burning things in oxygen. Polk, first of all, tried his hand at glass-blowing, sealing some liquid inside glass; and then began separating some toothpaste to ascertain what was in it. Schofield's experiment was to investigate the elevation of the boiling point of water by the addition of a salt, namely, aluminium chloride. He was successful at getting several readings before we had to quit. Whitwill first microscopically examined some snow to see if he could see anything interesting in it and then he began Group 3 qualitative analysis. Stoddard spend several weeks making a very interesting ether lamp made out of a thistle tube and some bent glass. Walker decided to analyse some brass filings and Rowlinson to grow crystals. Martin decided to separate some pigments extracted from leaves during the summer. He managed to get a little of the alcohol off before we had to postpone findings when lectures on careers were introduced on Thursday afternoons.

D.J. Martin

VALETE

Prefects

C.E.S. Barnes
P.W. Barott (Captain of School)
S.B. Budovitch
G.R. Cairns
R.I. Gaskell
A.A.S. Johnston
K.B. Kennedy
C.L. Perlman
J.C.R. Turton

Grade 13

R.J. Berkovich
C.M. Cook
D.B. Dollin
A.K.S. Fong
I.D. Leger
N.C. Macdonnell
J.J. MacKay
K.Y.M. Mak
J.A. Nelson

R.C. Woollam
D.M. Yap

Grade 12A

R.L. Bissonnet
J.R. Laidler

Grade 12B

G.S. Bowen
A.E. Fogel
G.E. Pencer

Grade 11B

J. Hoover
W.A. Pike
W.G.R. Wilson



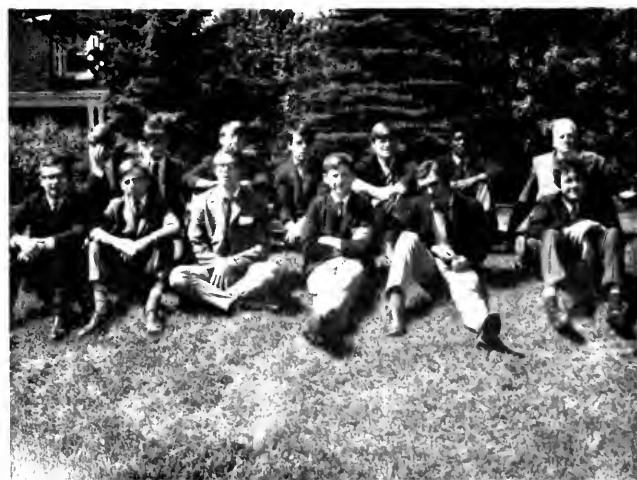
GRADE 13



GRADE 12A



GRADE 12B



GRADE 11A



GRADE 11B

SENIOR SCHOOL FORM LIST, JUNE 1970

Grade 13 - Mr. W.W. Byford:

Barnes I, C.E.S.
Barott, P.W.
Berkovich, R.J.
Cairns, G.R.
Connell, M.H.E.
Cook, C.M.
Dollin, D.B.
Fong, A.K.S.
Gaskell, R.I.
Johnston I, A.A.S.
Kennedy, K.B.
Leger, I.D.
Macdonnell, N.C.
MacKay, J.J.
Mak, K.Y.M.
Nelson, J.A.
Piercey, R.M.
Tottenham, T.C.
Woollam, R.C.
Yap, D.M.

Grade 12a - Mr. A. Egan:

Bissonnet, R.L.
Carlton, R.M.
de Dardel, J.-J.P.A.
Graham, P.J.S.
Hallett, D.R.
Halupka, R.H.D.
Hart, W.S.
Johnson I, J.R.R.
Laidler, J.R.
Macdonald I, J.G.
Maclaren, C.H.
Martin I, D.J.
McCarney, G.
Nundy, D.C.
Rosenhek, L.
Schofield, C.A.
Stiles, A.J.
Weiner I, B.H.
Went, H.S.
Whitwill, S.T.

Grade 12b - Mr. P.H. Josselyn:

Ballinger, P.N.
Bates I, T.A.
Bowen, G.S.
Budovitch, S.B.
Chivers, R.J.
Fogel, A.E.
Hung, D.
Kayes, R.B.
Kelly, M.P.
Leffler, P.D.
McNeil, D.A.
Perlman, C.L.
Ramsay, R.G.
Rothwell, G.B.
Turton, J.C.R.
Yaxley I, E.L.

Grade 11a - Mr. W.H. Somerville:

Bennett I, R.L.
Boyd I, B.A.
Clubb, H.N.
Dobbin, M.H.
Don, P.C.
Elkin, R.F.
Gordon, R.
Harley, G.
Jokinen, E.A.
Luciani I, A.
Power I, S.M.
Ronalds, H.J.
Stirling, S.M.
Stoddard I, I.A.
Winterton, S.S.

Grade 11b - Mr. K.D. Niles:

Ashton, A.F.D.
Davies, G.C.
Duguay, M.
Kenny, R.M.
McLellan, D.B.
Pike, W.A.
Rimsa, K.
Smallwood, L.A.
Stratton, W.W.
Wilansky, S.M.
Wilson I, W.G.R.



GRADE 10A



GRADE 10B



GRADE 9A



GRADE 9B

Grade 10a — Mr. H.J. Robertson:

Barnes II, M.L.W.
Ellis, J.R.
Fabricius, C.P.
Hope, P.
Johnston II, D.B.
Joyce I, C.R.
Lynch-Staunton I, V.
Macleod, N.
Martin II, T.G.
McKeown, P.
Pardo, P.
Plummer, W.R.
Robertson I, M.I.L.
Siversky, D.J.
Smith I, I.M.D.
Smith II, I.H.
Walker I, J.W.
Yaxley II, D.T.

Grade 10b — Mr. J.R. Parker

Aboud, D.E.
Anapolsky I, R.
Bacon, R.T.
Beqaj, J.K.
Church, W.M.
Cuttle, J.F.
Gillis, B.I.
Heaney, D.M.
Joyce II, P.A.
Kufsky, A.
Latimer, J.C.
Luciani II, R.G.
Martineau, G.
Miles, P.J.
Morrison, D.J.
Rickard, J.P.
Spencer I, S.D.
Stewart, D.M.
Webster, M.A.B.

Grade 9a — Mr. H. Penton:

Bennett II, R.J.G.
Copestake, P.G.
Croal, P.S.T.
Dahlberg, E.
Dickson, T.A.
Grant-Whyte, R.S.
Harcourt I, S.D.
Jelenick, M.S.
Koressis, C.A.
Paterson I, D.C.
Pimm I, R.G.
Polk, N.W.
Pryde, D.
Rennie II, G.
Rowlinson, M.C.
Stoddard II, F.L.
Tanos, S.T.
Taticek, P.
Walker II, R.S.

Grade 9b — Mr. D.M. Sullivan:

Bates II, C.R.
Bryan, K.
Cahn, E.W.
Childers, R.S.
Cuthbertson, I.D.
Greatrex, J.W.H.
Hurley, P.E.
Littlejohn, E.J.
Mangifesta, P.
Moshansky, V.B.P.
Peral, E.
Perley-Robertson I, M.B.
Rennie I, D.
Ross, D.J.H.
Scott I, A.N.
Shatford, M.T.
Slobogan, S.W.
Spencer II, N.J.

ANNUAL (1970) PRIZE LIST

A. The Form Prizes

Grade 5	D. Deepan	Grade 9A	F. Stoddard
6	E. Wilson	10B	D. Morrison
7B	P. Harcourt	10A	N. Macleod
7A	M. Josselyn	11B	M. Duguay
8B	S. Rigby	11A	B. Boyd
8A	I. Cunningham (The John Michael Hilliard Memorial)	12B	D. Hung
9B	N. Spencer	12A	S. Whitwill
		13	R. Woollam

B. Junior School Awards for Merit

Grade 5	W. Johnston	Grade 7A	C. Teron
6	C. Power	8B	A. Macfarlane
7B	P. Farquar	8A	R. Henderson

C. The Woodburn (Junior School) Music Prizes

Grade 5	D. Josselyn	Grade 7	D. MacDonald
6	J. Thompson	8	T. Boyd

D. Junior School Subject Prizes

French	M. Buser (The Ladies' Guild)
Poetry Reading	J. Rosen
Art	T. Boyd
Public Speaking	A. Ray (The Charles Gale)
Choir	V. MacDermot

E. Middle School Subject Prizes

Latin	N. Macleod (The Devine)
French	C. Fabricius (The Jobling)
Mathematics	M. Joyce (The Snelgrove Memorial)
Science	F. Stoddard
English	M. Joyce (The Ladies' Guild)
History	D. Heaney (The Ladies' Guild)
Geography	F. Stoddard (The Ladies' Guild)
Art	E. Dahlberg
Public Speaking	D. Heaney (The Ross McMaster)

F. Senior School Subject Prizes

Latin	S. Whitwill (The Whitfield)
French	R. Halupka (The Fiorenza Drew Memorial)
Mathematics	D. Martin (The Firestone)
Physics	R. Bennett
Chemistry	D. Martin
English	R. Bissonnet (The Robert Gerald Moore Memorial)
All-round achievement	D. Hallett (The C. Rowley Booth Memorial Trophy)

Ancient History
 Modern History
 Geography
 Public Speaking
 Choir

S. Stirling (The Brain)
 S. Whitwill (The Adam
 Podhradsky Memorial)
 S. Went (The Pemberton)
 J. de Dardel (The Gary
 Horning Memorial)
 D. Hallett

G. Grade 13 Subject Prizes

French
 Mathematics
 Chemistry
 English
 History

R. Gaskell (The Angus)
 R. Woollam
 C. Barnes
 R. Woollam (The Drew)
 N. Macdonnell

H. The Ladies' Guild Special Merit Prizes (a new award)

Grade 9 P. Croal
 10 J. Beqaj
 13 K. Kennedy

11 R. Kenny
 12 A. Stiles

I. The School Awards

The Pitfield Shield for Junior House Competition Dragons R. Henderson and V. MacDermot
 The Woods Shield for the most distinguished record in the Junior School R. Henderson
 The Tiny Hermann Memorial Scholarship P. Don*
 The Southam Cup for the most distinguished record in the Senior School C. Barnes
 The Nelson Shield for the best influence in the School P. Barott
 The Governor General's Medal for highest academic attainment R. Woollam
 (*This was presented last fall)

Prizes for Athletics

The Stanley Wright Cup for intermediates D. Hallett
 The Fleming Cup for seniors G. Harlley
 The Connaught Cup for Gymnastics I. Robertson
 The Ewing Cup for the most valuable member of the Track and Field Team G. Harlley

JUNIOR ASHBURIAN



**ASHBURY COLLEGE
OTTAWA**



THE STAFF

FOREWORD

I have completed my first year as a teacher in the Junior School, and it must be recorded as one of the most rewarding and downright enjoyable experiences of my life. Of course, I did not come as a stranger to the School. For five years I had had sons attending. For four years my wife had been on the staff, and for one year my daughter attended Senior School mathematics classes as part of an exchange programme between Ashbury and Elmwood. Now that I have joined the School they are constantly making brilliant little remarks like, "Better late than never". I heartily agree.

When I look back on my school days I am afraid that the majority of what comes through is only the overriding dullness of the routine involved with the mass production of graduates for the High Schools. This is not the case at Ashbury. Indeed, I found so many fresh ideas and inventions about the place, so many special activities involving our own and other schools, and so much enthusiasm everywhere, that I'm sure Ashbury boys will have vivid memories of all that happened.

There were many highlights during my first year. Permit me to mention just three. The Grand Trip to Toronto went off so very well! I can assure you that a great deal of hard work and planning goes on behind the scenes in order that one hundred lively little boys can safely and successfully be trotted about a huge city by foot, bus, subway, and even by navy boats. A special thrill to me was to go aboard H.M.C.S. Haida once again. She was a happy ship in her day, just as the Junior School is a 'happy ship' now, and for many of the same reasons: discipline, action, camaraderie, and purpose.

Another highlight was certainly the creation and opening of the Junior Boys' Common Room. There were stretched muscles, hectic

schedules, and some frayed nerves involved, but these faded to a sense of pride on the part of those who worked when the value of it all was seen. The contented use to which it was continually put by so many Juniors made up for everything. I can report to those parents who contributed so generously that the room is a valuable part of our life here.

I must also mention the final track and field events and the closing ceremonies in June. These things happen in other schools, and are important, but I feel that at Ashbury there is an increased sense of competition and dignity surrounding the year-end spectacular. I felt the tremendous involvement everyone shared in the sports finals, and I felt very proud to be sitting with the Juniors on their big day.

Old fashioned competition is good for boys. In the Junior School this flourishes in many of the usual ways such as marks and place results for classwork, ribbons and trophies for athletics, and public commendation by the Head of the Junior School for a good job well done. However, there are two special forms of competition and recognition that operate here as a backbone to all others. These are the house system and the colour board. The school is divided into four groups, and every boy belongs to one of these houses. Points are awarded or removed for a range of reasons. Competition is fierce, and woe betide a recalcitrant house member! Everything that a boy does has an effect on his team. The colour board is a device of another type. Here a lad is judged according to his own personal effort, regardless of such things as I.Q. rating or physical strength. This is a splendid incentive both to those who are specially gifted, and also to those who work as hard as they can at everything, but without headline results. Indeed, the majority of the boys seem prouder of a top grading on the colour board than of any other competition they might win. The house system and the colour board seem to me to bring out the best in these budding citizens. I am sure that this flies in the face of the Hall-Dennis Report, but I am equally certain that the basis of success in this world is involved with an ability to compete and to contribute. The Ashbury system agrees with these requirements.

These were a few of my first impressions of Ashbury. The part of the Ashburian which follows will tell you much more about many of the interests, activities, and people that I found in the Junior School, with many articles and items by the boys themselves. It is their book, and I must not intrude further. Before the Foreword, like "a short word from our sponsor", becomes the longest word in the English language, I commend you all to the pages of the Junior Ashburian.

G.W. Babbitt.



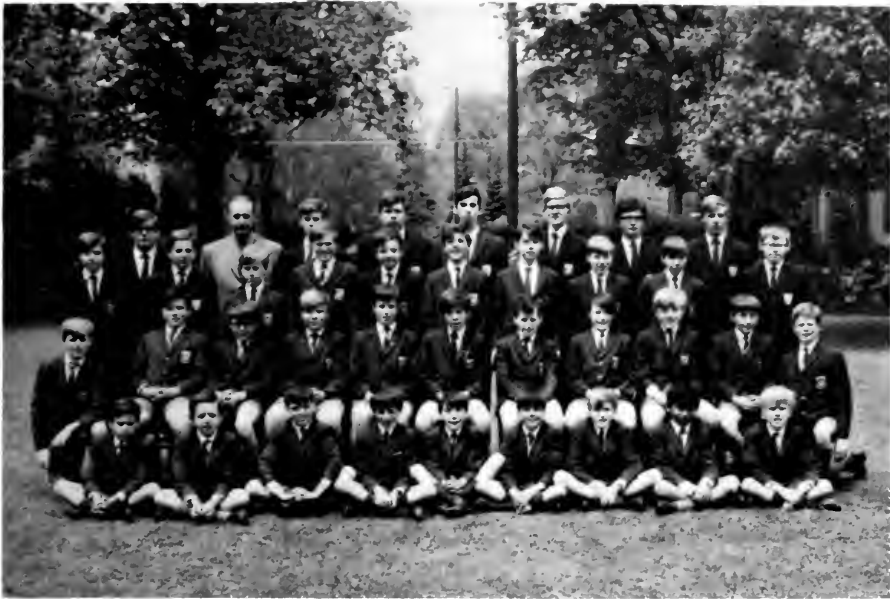
JUNIOR MONITORS 1969-70

Back Row: G.A.Anapolsky, D.W.S.Grills, J.S.McEachran, P.W.Wilson, W.F.Mulock.
Front Row: S.Z.Grahovac, R.J.Henderson, M.H.E.Sherwood, Esq., V.T.MacDermot, J.S.Clifford.

THE MONITORS

This year the monitor system went well in the Junior School. The day boy monitors were Grills, Grahovac, Wilson, and myself. The boarder monitors were Henderson, MacDermot, MacEachran, Anapolsky, and Clifford. Two monitors would have one day each week to do their jobs such as getting the coffee and tea for the teachers, lining the boys up, taking detentions, chapel reading, and generally helping the teachers with other jobs. This year a tie was adapted to be worn with the monitor's sterling silver pin. I hope that next year's system will run as smoothly as this year's.

Frank Mulock



THE CHOIR

Back Row: T.A. Dickson, Rev. E.E. Green, E.W. Cahn, D.E. Aboud, A.S. Johnston, C.M. Joyce, D.R. Hallett, J.G. Macdonald.
 Third Row: M.C. Rowlington, R.S. Walker, J.A.R. Heaton, R.W. Dowling, M. Josselyn, C.K. Wood, C.M. Taylor, T. Perley-Robertson, G.W. Thompson, F.L. Stoddard.
 Second Row: J.J.-M. Nadeau, J.N. Cummings, T.D. Boyd, J.A.E. Haythornthwaite, J.J. Arnold, V.T. MacDermot, F.B. Anfossie, D.S. Macdonald, D.I.W. Burke-Robertson, A.S. Tross, J.W. Pitfield.
 Front Row: D.L. Ablack, D. Josselyn, M.W. Tkachuk, M. Torontow, J.C. Thompson, M.S. Hackleman, R.P.M. Braden, A.B. Ray, D.A. Hogarth.
 Absent: G.W. Thomson, Choirmaster.

THE CHOIR

The choir has had a wonderful year under the direction of Mr. Thomson, our choir master. Mr. Thomson provided us with an opportunity to sing at other churches, such as on Ashbury Day we sang at St. Bartholomew's. At Christmas we sang the traditional Ashbury Candle light Carol Service. Tross sang a wonderful solo of 'Once In Royal David's City.'

Much thanks must go to Mrs. Gwynn-Timothy, the choir mother, who has helped us all through the year. Thanks also to Rev. Greene, our Chaplain, for being in the Choir and singing at the Services. The mothers' guild has provided us with a movie.

We have had a wonderful year.

Robee Braden

IMPRESSIONS OF TORONTO

These buses are beautiful.

On Wednesday May 13, 1970, the Ashbury Junior School went on another great trip, this time to Toronto.

I'm hungry and a ham sandwich is welcomed. Soon I see the city limits and begin to cough.

It's astonishing, how 90 boys can go off in different directions and all be back in one hour. These rooms are nice but one boy in my room has a cold and is stuffing himself with medicine.

Some official pushes us into the minerology section but in time I escape and see the whole museum top to bottom.

This star show is marvelous. I felt so small under a gigantic artificial sky. The announcer should learn his speech better.

U.C.C. receives minimal interest from me. I know what a school looks like, pool or no pool.

This really is a Chinese 'feast.' Boyd has built an immense mountain of food on his plate, yet eats it from peak to sea level in only one hour.

'Anne of Green Gables' relaxes me to sleep.

I detest scrambled eggs but the bacon is good.

Haida is one of the most interesting things of the trip. H.M.C.S. York is all right if you like Wilson's Cola.

The Sports Hall of Fame is a fascinating history of the boys' favourite subject. The staff seem to be invited in for a drink wherever we go.

This lunch is simple and good but to me it's ambrosia. The parliament buildings are interesting but nothing special.

I never realized how many stores are down here at the bottom of the Toronto Dominion Centre. It has everything from clothes to pencils. Ah! incense, I think I'll buy some.

This German restaurant is a change. Many boys are fussing about the 'purple cabbage' they are supposed to eat. Obviously they cannot adapt to a foreign environment.

'Hair' is wild, curly, fuzzy, shining, gleaming and noisy. "How would you describe it?" 'Great!'

Scrambled eggs again. I wonder if the cook knows any other dishes? The rain is terrible yet I stand patiently looking for our bus. It takes forever to find your way out of Toronto it seems. "A coke and a hamburger, please." "Thank You."

Toronto is a nice place to visit but I wouldn't want to live there.

David R. Lawrence.

MILES FOR MILLIONS

We started off on a cool day. The sky was clear when we left Parliament Hill. Bob Henderson walked with me and we finished the forty miles. About 40,000 people left Parliament Hill and 17,000 made the forty miles. We left at 8:00 a.m. and came in at 10:00 p.m. It was a really good experience. Ten Ashbury boys went on the walk. We are looking forward to the next walk.

Gerry Anapolsky

THE M.L.T.S. TRIPS

There were 18 M.L.T.S.'s this year. Rigby and Macfarlane from Trans B, Cunningham, Buser, Henderson and MacDermot from Trans A, Josselyn, Teron, Assaly and Babbitt from IIIA, Marsden, Power and Wilson from Trans II and Johnston, Cummings, Josselyn II, Deepan and Wood from Form I. On Thursday exams started and the M.L.T.S.'s were off to the Teron's cottage with Mr. Laird. There we went swimming, fishing, boating and played tennis. On Friday we went with Mr. Tottenham and Mr. Humphreys to the Harcourt's cottage and there water skiing was the main activity. Monday in the morning we went to Assaly's house and swam in their pool and had a great lunch. In the afternoon we went to the Country Club and there again we swam. On Tuesday we went swimming again, this time at the Henderson's pool. Then in the afternoon we played miniature golf with Mr. Flynn. I'd like to thank the parents for inviting us and making the trips possible.

Bob Henderson

JUNIOR SCHOOL LIBRARY

The library this year was used a lot better than last year as everyone co-operated to keep it clean. More books filled the shelves as people generously donated them.

Library fines were the same as last year: five cents a day. The fines this year were used to buy colourful book ends.

This year we again had the bookmobile. It came once a month and was run by Mr. Hutchings. The bookmobile has a selection of about 2,000 paperbacks.

The people who generously donated books to the library were W.J.R. Wilson Esq., A. Brookes, C. Byford, Mrs. J. Clifford, Mrs. G. F. Henderson, M. O'Meara.

Thanks to all the librarians who have helped keep the library an enjoyable place.

Junior School Librarians:

Comis, Kuhn, Henderson, Arnold,
MacDonald, Teron, MacFarlane, Wilson IV,
Zunenshine, Stilborn, Hodgins.

C.Teron

THE HUMANE SOCIETY CONTEST

The Humane Society contest this year took the form of an essay contest. In previous years it had been a poster contest. The contest was on a grade level. By this I mean that a student of one grade would compete only with students from their same grade. This particular contest was limited only to three schools of Rockcliffe, R.P.P.S., Ashbury, and Elmwood.

I think that contests like this are a good idea because people tend to try harder since they know that they may be rewarded at the end of their labours. Out of about one hundred and eight entries there were only twelve finalists.

The two winners from Ashbury were both from grade six. They were Ronald Elias and myself.

I believe that the contest was a success and I think there should definitely be another one next year.

Eric Wilson

THE STORY OF A LOST PET

One fine morning in November I was walking through a park on my soft pink toes. The sky was blue and there was not a cloud in the sky. As I pranced along I found that I was nearing the edge of the park.

I slipped through the hedge and made my way to a construction site where five or six men were working busily. I crept up to the hole the men were digging to get a better look. Suddenly the earth on which I had been standing gave way and began sliding into the hole carrying me with it.

I had apparently been unconscious for some length of time because an hour later I found myself in strange and unfamiliar surroundings.

But when a woman entered my pen I knew that I was at the Humane Society. I had been there once before when I had been struck by a car. They treated the cut on my forehead and looked at my registration

number to determine whom I belonged to. They put me in a truck and took me to my master's house.

When I saw my master I jumped up into his arms and purred softly. What a wonderful job the Humane Society had done.

Eric Wilson.

OUR LITTLE SISTER

Two years ago Ashbury College adopted a little girl who lives in Italy - her name is Maje. We raised enough money to do this by having a 'Slave Day' one Saturday.

We correspond regularly with Maje and receive very interesting letters in return.

With our help Maje is growing up to be a healthy and happy girl.

Bruce Chick

THE PANCAKE TOSS

The pancake toss is important to the Ashbury boys. It may not mean anything to anyone else in the city but to us it does.

Mr. Beedell and Mr. Sherwood bring out a large ball of putty, which they split in two and they each take their section and toss it into the field of snow. The idea is to get as much of the putty as possible in a short period of time, so for about a minute everyone is fighting for the putty, first the Juniors and then the Seniors. This year in the Juniors Thompson II came first, Burke Robertson came second, and third was Carson. In the Seniors Anapolsky came first and Pringle came third. For winning they all split two large baskets of food.

Robee Braden

POETRY

In the poetry contest about thirty people wanted to recite some poems but since this was too many the masters had to reduce it to the best ten. These boys were Ablack (I), Arnold (IIIA), Babbitt (IIIA), Blicharz (Trans B), Harcourt (IIIB), Perley-Robertson (IIIB), Rosen (II), Taylor (TRANS B), Tkachuk (I), and Wilson III (II).

They were allowed to recite a poem of their own choice and then Mr. Polk chose a poem for them to read. (This poem, 'The West Wind' by John Masefield, they were not allowed to study.)

What Mr. Polk looked for in this contest was expression, presentation and audibility.

The honourable mention was given to Tkachuk and Wilson III. The judges had great difficulty in choosing a winner from Rosen and Babbitt. Rosen was awarded the prize at Prize Day. But in all I think the boys who participated gave a good effort.

George Marsden

SNOW SCULPTURING

February the eleventh brought both good and bad to the people of Ottawa in the form of the heaviest snowstorm of the year. To some, the task of shoveling the heavy, sticky snow was an unforgettable back-breaking effort, but to us at Ashbury, the wet, sticky snow made the day ideal for snow sculpturing. Games period was early that day and out we rushed in a mad scramble for broken hockey sticks, blocks of snow, and anything good for building sculptures. Mounds of snow soon appeared from which the boys shaped life-like objects. The Dragons made a flying Smaug (dragon) with graceful wings and a tail so long that it would go around him once. Other houses made Apollo, a water skier on snow skies, a seal who wanted to go back to the Arctic, a thinker who was meditating, a model of the school with life-like features, a model T car with a pipe as a tail pipe, and last but not least a realistic Mr. Sherwood. The great moment of judgment came when Mr. Polk appeared to judge the sculptures. We all waited with bated breath for the announcement of the winners. The Hobbits' house was the junior winner and the Dragon house won for the seniors.

The snowstorm had brought us a good modelling day and fun in the snow.

Billy Johnston

THE BOARDERS' YEAR

One of the activities in the fall was a day of fooling around at Mr. Robertson's farm one Saturday. Following that we made quite a few excursions starting with a trip to a speedway, where we saw the Hell Drivers. Then we went to the Art Centre to see 'Hamlet' and then the Irish Rovers. At the Civic Centre we saw a 67' game.

One of the biggest changes was the changing of a junk-filled attic into a common room for the day boys and boarders. We have to give most of the credit to Mr. Beedell but all of the labor was done by the Junior School Boarders.

Soon Christmas rolled around. The holidays ended bringing the skating and followed soon by the skiing. The House Hockey League was soon in progress. The games ended up by the Junior Wizards and the Senior Goblins taking the prizes. The skiers went to Mt. Ste. Marie and Camp Fortune. Some selected groups went to Mt. Tremblant with Mr. Sherwood.

On Jan. 14th the furniture for the common-room came adding a great deal to the already rapidly forming room.

On Jan. 21 the official opening occurred with Mrs. Boyce cutting the ribbon.

On January 23 two teams came from Amherst. After 4 games they won 3 and we won one. Almost everyone participated.

On February 10 we held the pancake toss and the initiation of the new boys. On February 11 the snow sculpturing was held with the Senior Dragons winning with a motor boat towing a waterskier. The Junior Hobbitts won with a model of the school. The prizes were two great baskets of fruit and candy.

On April 18 the 40-mile walk was held. On April 24 the school went to the 'Merchant of Venice.' On Wednesday May 13 we left for Toronto in two lovely new Voyageur buses. On Friday we came back. To top it off that was followed by a long weekend. On Sat. May 13 we left for a canoe trip up the Ottawa River. It was very successful. Everyone was exhausted at the end.

On Sunday May 31st compliments, of Mr. Fuller, the boarders and some day boys took a day-long ride on a reincarnated tugboat called the 'Blackjack,' but with two masts and a reinforced hull.

Exams started on Thursday June 4th which concerned everyone, except 18 lucky guys, the M.L.T.S.'s.

Vincent MacDermot.

THE CAMPING TRIP

We started out at 9:15 A.M. Everyone had their packs and their sleeping bags. I don't think that there was a person on that whole bus who wasn't in a very good mood.

When we arrived, everyone pitched in and got everything out of the bus. Then we all went down to the Ottawa River and put the canoes in the water. The non-swimmers went into the war canoes and the better swimmers went into leader canoes and we were off.

We paddled about five minutes and Mr. Tottenham saw something that looked like an ordinary person burning his garbage. However

when we got closer we noticed that it was a real fire and it was just starting the trees on fire so everyone beached and what looked like an Ashbury fire department got to work and put out the fire with just plain old buckets of water.

When the fire was all over, along came people from the Camp. Mr. Beedell had sent Maurice Lafortune to get help, but it was too late. We had already got the fire out.

We got back in our canoes and paddled on. We paddled for a long time and then we stopped for lunch and had hamburgers. It was a good meal. We didn't stop long and we were off again.

The Ashbury boys were on their way again. We paddled for about 1 1/2 hours and from Mr. Humphrey's canoe came, "Bring the first aid kit quick." We paddled with all our might and we saw poor old Ronnie Carson with a big cut just beside the eye and a big bruise on the bridge of his nose. Gerry Anopolsky had hit him by accident. They were going to bang into another canoe and he brought his paddle quickly around to push the other canoe away and he hit Ron right in the face with his paddle. Mr. Tottenham brought little Ron back to town and Mr. Sherwood drove him to the Civic Hospital.

We paddled about five minutes more and we stopped on the Dominican Fathers' land, got permission, and pitched tent. We had a nice meal of soup, steak and beans. Then when it got dark we all sat around the fire and sang songs and told a few ghost stories.

The next morning we had cereal and bacon. We made sure that everything was immaculately clean and we left. When we stopped for lunch we had a nice game of capture the flag. Mr. Beedell had a team and Mr. Tottenham and Mr. Humphrey had a team. We played for a long time but eventually Mr. Tottenham's and Mr. Humphrey's team won with Maurice Lafortune getting Mr. Beedell's flag. Then we ate hot-dogs and everybody filled up with food and we left for home.

We got back to the Y-camp at about 3:00 P.M., unpacked the canoes, loaded the school bus, and left. We all had our own little stories about what we did and I think that overall we had lots of fun and I think many thanks went to Mr. Beedell for making this enjoyable trip possible.

David Babbitt

LA FERME DE MONSIEUR LAFONTAINE

Derrière la ferme de Monsieur Lafontaine, il y a une basse-cour, où vous trouvez des coqs, des canards, des poules et des poussins jaunes. Chaque jour, les enfants Lafontaine, Jacques et Marthe, font une petite tâche pour le fermier, leur père. Ces enfants du fermier aiment ces tâches lorsqu'ils ne sont pas trop fatigués.

Voici leur père qui entre et qui dit,

"Marthe et Jacques, que faites-vous là?"

"Nous finissons ces devoirs, papa."

Les deux cochons sont dans le jardin. Jacques rougit parce qu'il ne ferme pas toujours la barrière du jardin.

"Oh, mes pauvres fleurs," dit Marthe.

"Oui, ma petite, les cochons écrasent tes fleurs."

Le fermier ne reste pas dans la maison. Il va dans une étable, près de la basse-cour. Une vache, qui est malade, mugit dans cette étable, mais notre bon fermier guérit la pauvre bête.

Dans l'intervalle Jacques chasse les cochons du jardin. "Vous accomplissez vos tâches, Marthe?" dit Jacques. "Oh Jacques, cet endroit est ruiné." "Ces sales cochons."

Stephen Rigby
Trans. B

SEASONS

What are seasons? Seasons are four different divisions of the year, but to me they are when nature changes the appearance of the land.

Winter time is the season for cross-country skiing and the sights to see are breath-taking. As I'm skiing through the cedar bush, I think I'm in a world of Christmas, because the snow on the branches glistens in the sun and looks like a tree with gold bulbs on it. You slowly lift the lower branches and peek under the tree. You might see a snowshoe hare with his mate. You leave them and go under the stark-naked maples shivering in the cold, looking like old lean men, leaning on their canes waiting for spring. Leaving the trees and coming to the open, the snow drifts look like sand dunes on the desert. All the fields are waiting sleepily for the warm sun and water to wake them.

Spring in the country wakes up all living things. The flowers, slow but steady, soon appear. The maples straighten and relive as young, strong men. The whitish, pink flowers soon appear on the apple trees and our fields turn into a lake, one foot deep. The dogs frisk and romp

in gladness for the arrival of spring. There is a smell in the morning of spring, that makes you come alive and feel that everything is wonderful.

Summer is here when you wake up and hear the wind going through the bright green leaves and you go to camp for two months of diving, games and three day trips. Summer at camp is cool shade, green moss and bright sun.

In August, when summer is waiting for fall, the hay turns yellow, a haze hangs over the land and the insects buzz, chirp and sing in the night.

Fall arrives with a spectacular range of colours from rusty brown to dark red caused by the leaves losing their summer dress. Another sign is the honking overhead, as the Canadian Geese in the V formation fly south. In the forest when walking, you make a rustling noise as you go over the dry, crisp leaves. Soon there is a heavy smell of burning leaves with the nip of frost in the air which signals that winter is just around the corner.

I am glad our country has seasons in order that we can see the wonderful changes each one brings.

Billy Johnston

THE SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON

On their way to England, the Swiss family Robinson and some sailors were hit by a storm. For six days and six nights the storm increased. On the seventh day the ship crashed into a rock. Slowly the ship started to pull apart. All the sailors left the ship in lifeboats. The Swiss family was left behind and prayed the ship would not sink. The next morning when they woke up the storm was over. They had breakfast and decided to build a raft. They gathered crates and a few planks. The father and his eldest son Fritz began to work on the raft. Night drew closer when the raft was almost completed. The father decided to finish it the next day. By noon the next day, father and Fritz completed the raft. The father told his sons to go gather up all the useful things they could use on the island. So they brought back guns, tools, nails, and some animals. The father brought back guns, tools, and some of the captain's personal things.

The raft that carried the Swiss family Robinson landed safely on the island. The father said: "The first thing we must do is build a home." So they started to build a tent which they afterwards called *Tentholm*. The next day, the father, the mother and the four boys set off to explore the island. They hunted a variety of animals for food and returned to *Tentholm*. Their next expedition was to the trees because

the father had decided to build a house made of trees and wanted to inspect the forest. They went ahead with it and the next six months were very hard ones, while they were building it. When it was finished they called it *Falconhurst*.

One day the father said: "We must return to the wreck." So he set off with Fritz. On arriving there, Fritz said: "Look father, there is something in the hull of the boat." So they discovered there a smaller boat. It had the name *Pinnace* written on it. They managed to bring it out and sailed it to Safety Bay. It was equipped with 12 cannons. They fired one of them and saw the 3 boys and the mother run to shore. They landed and went to *Falconhurst*.

One day, the boys were making holes in the rock with their hammers. They kept on cutting till they came to an opening in the rock. The father told them it was a salt cave. They decided to use this cave as a home during the rainy season and keep the tree house for the summer.

One day Fritz came back from exploring around the island in his canoe. He said an albatross fell in his canoe. The albatross had a piece of red cloth tied to one of its legs. The piece of red cloth had a message on it. The message said: "Save me from the burning rock." Fritz left immediately to look around the island for a burning rock. After two weeks, the mother was quite worried and decided to go look for him in the *Pinnace*. So they loaded the *Pinnace* with food and the three boys and their parents left looking for Fritz. One day when they rounded a ridge, they saw from a distance a savage in a canoe. On approaching him they realized it was Fritz all covered in mud. He was happy to see them, ran into the woods and came back with a girl. They invited her on board the *Pinnace* and took her home with them. Her name was Jenny. She lived with them.

One day the noise of a ship's cannon was heard in the distance. The Swiss family fired back from their look-out tower. The ship fired again. The Swiss family went to the *Pinnace* and aboard it tried to follow the sound. When they rounded the point, they saw a ship. They rushed up to it and the captain invited them aboard. They talked for a while. The captain said he was looking for a girl named Jenny. The father said she was aboard the yacht and sent for her.

The captain offered them all a trip back home. The next day, Jenny, Fritz and Franze were off to Switzerland.

Daniel Arnold

THE HURRICANE

It was a sultry summer day. Rob, Scott and I were out fishing when in the distance we heard the clang of the dinner bell. We hauled up the anchor, started the motor, and skimmed across the glassy lake.

Sitting at the dinner table I glanced out the window and to my surprise a solid dark wall of rain was advancing across the lake. I ran to the bedroom window to get a better look. As I opened the latch the window blew violently open. The wind was so strong that the lamp on my dresser blew over. I had to push with all my strength to get it closed again.

"Look at the lake," I shouted. "Come on Scott, we'd better check that the boat is tied securely!"

It was too late to save the rowboat as it was only on the beach and not secured. Already it was tossing about like a matchstick on the lake!

We dashed back into the cottage and when we were barely inside a terrific gust of wind swept through our property. The tent was flattened! The lawn furniture was lifted from the patio and went hurtling up the hill into the bush. We all felt just a little frightened. Then we heard a tremendous crash at the side of the cottage as two trees crashed onto the ground. By this time the waves were dashing up over the patio. The thunder and the lightning flashed and I thought it was doomsday.

It went on like this for half an hour and then stopped as suddenly as it started. But the excitement wasn't over because as we went outside there was smoke up the hill. We called our friends for help and went up the hill to find that a tree had fallen on a hydro line. Rob went to town to call Hydro. Soon everything was back to normal after cleaning up the mess.

I hope that I will never see another storm as violent as that one.

Peter Harcourt IIIB

LONDON, ENGLAND

The family and I had arrived at Euston Station in the late afternoon, and stood in the queue for the taxis. After a slow fifteen minutes, we hopped into the taxi and told the driver to take us to the Rutland Court Hotel. The driver wasn't at all what I had expected him to be. I had wanted a chirpy "Right Governor" but all we got was a low "yes sir".

At the hotel we were given a map of London and taken to our rooms.

We still had time before dinner, so we went to Carnaby St. It wasn't at all what I had been told it would be like. It was merely a noisy street with colorful shops, noisy music, junk being sold for five dollars, and guys with long hair. There weren't even any mini-skirts. But we bought some posters saying, 'We were in Carnaby Street,' to remember it by.

We had to eat so we went back to Chelsea, to a small restaurant where the food was great!

Next day to decide what we would see next we voted, and Madame Tussaud's Wax Museum won. Its horror section was disappointing. It wasn't even scary! But the history part was good. There was the Royal Family and all the Presidents of the United States. The best of all were the Beatle figures.

The Tower of London was next on the list (and one of the best). Unfortunately we didn't see the jewels because of the line-up. Our Beefeater guide was a real showman and we saw him on a recent travel commercial.

The 'Cutty Sark' was next and last on the list. We were off on a touring boat up the Thames to Greenwich where the boat was in dry dock. It was the most beautiful ship I have ever seen with complete riggings. In the hold was a museum showing mementos of its past and old figureheads.

After seeing all I had wanted to see, for the first time since I was in London I slept peacefully.

Robertson II (IIIA)

EASTER HOLIDAYS

My family were all enjoying a holiday in Barbados. I was very anxious to go snorkling out in the ocean, but where we were staying the waves were too high. Over on the west side of the Island the ocean was calm. We called Mr. Wotton and made arrangements to go the next day. Miss Wotton came and picked us up at nine o'clock in a white van and took us to the dock.

The boat was a 52 foot schooner and was anchored off the coast about one hundred yards. The sails were very weatherbeaten, dark grey, and fairly old. We had a crew of four. They took us out to the schooner in a glass bottom boat. The glass was boarded over so that you couldn't see down into the green depths. My mother had a little trouble climbing the ladder to get on board the schooner. We sailed down the west coast of Barbados for about one hour. Then we reached a beautiful bay where we anchored and snorkled.

All of a sudden there were more dark patches in the water. The sky became very gray and looked like the bottom of a half scoured kitchen

pot. Then it began to pour. They took down the sails and ran on auxiliary power. Luckily, just as we were about to jump into the water to go snorkling, the rain stopped and the sun came out.

We were diving at four fathoms. You could see everything! It was great. I could see everything on the bottom; coral, all kinds of fish, and the sand. There were all kinds of beautiful fish swimming around the coral reef. They were all colours. The one I liked the most was black with wide yellow stripes. I saw lots of interesting plants too. Sea urchins were all around the coral with stingers about a foot long. Little tropical fish seemed to hang around the urchins. If you ever go to tropical waters don't miss trying out snorkling. (I plan on going again).

Ian Scarth IIIB

ESSAY Attack.

"All right all you men this is your leader President Germ. Today I come to you with a heavy heart. As you all know, for the past six days we germs have waged total war on this human family. Well, last night our brother germs in squadrons five, seven and eleven were exterminated while polluting the toilet. However their efforts were not in vain, for they called for the plumber fifteen minutes ago.

"But now for the good news. Squadron three has bombarded the pantry and I am pleased to report that many of the family have a disease they call diarrhoea, commonly know as 'the trots'.

"I know that we are running out of men, but new recruits are coming in from the grave yards in South-East Asia.

"Now all of you know your targets, Squadrons ten-fifteen shall be manning the germ-o-jets and parachuting on the tables and counters.

"Some of you will be attacking the washer and dryer, the dish water, the cooking oil, the cutlery, the bath water, and the drinks and other juices.

"Now we can't hope to place all of them in dire need of a doctor, and as sick as a dead dog, unless you all pollute to your best ability. You've got to get as much dirt, filth and grime inside them as possible.

"If you give all you've got and fight as bravely as Richard the Germ-Hearted did, you'll all go down as the filthiest germs in history.

"But remember, pollute together, 'cause 'united we stand, divided we fall.' So if you're ready, get out there and pollute until they're green in the face, but keep your ears ready for the exterminator and his can of Raid!"

By Mark Josselyn of IIIA.

DISASTER

It happened on a cold wintry day in January. Mark Josselyn invited me to come along with them to see what it is really like in a coal mine and I immediately said that I'd love to go. We left at 11 o'clock and got there at 12. They checked us for objects that could cause friction and they took our cameras. Then they gave us a yellow helmet with a strong light on the front and we were on our way down.

When we were about a mile into the ground they stopped the large elevator and we were in the mine. The minute I stepped out I found it was cold and damp. After walking for about 20 minutes the guide stopped and told us to keep very quiet for this was a dangerous area and that a large vibration could set off a cave-in.

Then one of the men tripped and fell noisily. The terrified guide yelled, "Lower your heads!" Just at that moment gigantic rocks came pouring down on everyone.

After about an hour I woke up with an awful headache and many rocks all over me. I got out and saw a horrible sight. After taking all the rocks off I saw a living person, and 6 dead. The person who was alive was 9 years old and wasn't very strong. When he woke up he screamed for he saw his dead companions. We decided to get on our way quickly.

The entrance to the cave was blocked by rocks so we walked deeper and deeper into the caves. Then about 2 hours later I heard welcome cries. I returned them and ran to them. The next day the headline read. "Disastrous mine cave-in kills 6 tourists and leaves 2 survivors." I will always be thankful that I was not one of the six who could never read the headline.

David Babbitt IIIA

WRONG NUMBER

It all started on a balmy July morning. I was sitting in front of the television set watching my favorite show, "Roaring Roger Ramjet," when on to the screen flashed a vital news bulletin. I listened intently: "We interrupt this show to bring you a truly important message. Please do not be alarmed, but the Crown Jewels were stolen late last night. There has been no clue so far, but we have excellent detectives trying to find the master thieves. The thing that baffles the nation right now is that the thief or thieves knew exactly where England's prize gems were being kept. The Crown Jewels on display in California were really phonies and no one knew where the real gems were, except the Queen and the security guards. We will keep you up to date on any clues. Thank-you."

The next day my parents were going out to a party and they told me to watch the house. It was four o'clock in the morning and my parents still weren't back. I was just about to go to bed when the phone rang. "That must be my parents," I thought, so I picked up the phone. A voice came on the line and said: "Joe, is that you?" This fellow had mighty bad English I concluded but I was in the mood for a joke and I pretended that I was Joe. "Yeah!" I replied in my worst English. "Joe I just wanna tell ya I got the C.J., so we'll split 'em up at 4:30 this mornin' at Berkley's Park near the telephone booth," and he hung up.

This guy is pulling something big I thought. C.J., C.J., what did those two infernal letters stand for though? At that moment my parents walked in. "Are the Crown Jewels still missing son?" my father inquired.

"That's it, Crown Jewels, C.J.! Thanks dad," I said and started bounding all over the room. My mother and father stared blankly at each other. They didn't know what happened while they were out, so I explained the whole story to them. Immediately following we phoned the police and told them where to go to get the Crown Jewels. The police came and even picked me up and took me to Berkley's Park with them, and there, sure enough, was our man. The constables rushed in from all sides and in five minutes we had the thief and the Crown Jewels. The crook looked stunned. "How, how, did I ever go wrong?" he stuttered.

The criminal was taken to the police station and ordered to phone his buddy, Joe. The police found out that Joe was a security guard and had told the crook where the jewels could be found and taken, and at what time. By this time, of course, the news was all over the world. The thief was making the phone call to his buddy Joe to meet in Berkley's Park where he'd have a police escort! I just couldn't help saying to the poor man though: "Listen, buddy, don't get the wrong number next time whatever you do," and for the first time since the thief was captured, he grinned.

Ron Carson IIIA

DISASTER!!

It was a fine April day and we had to climb high in the Alps to get good skiing snow. There were five of us in the class, and an instructor who was at the rear.

Walking up a mountain on skis is hard work, and to me it seemed a terribly hot day with all our gear on our backs. We were all thankful when a cool breeze sprang up as we climbed higher. Later it began to get chilly and we put our jackets on.

An angry roar shattered the silence and my heart seemed to miss a beat. After a short few seconds there was a shower of snow. This was the first of three small avalanches. Suddenly there was a giant crash and what sounded like thunder. I turned and saw the avalanche coming. I looked wildly for my instructor but he seemed to have disappeared in the snow ahead of me.

All at once it was on me! I quickly kicked my skis off and folded my hands about my head so as to leave a breathing space. I remembered to hold my ski poles above my head. Then there was an uncanny silence. I was buried under three feet of snow.

It was a horrible feeling not to know if my poles were sticking above the snow or not, and it sent cold shivers down my back. Even worse though was not knowing whether I would be found and this almost made me give up hope.

After about an hour of freezing cold snow all around me, another ski school found my poles sticking above the snow and dug me out. Later we found the other boys of the ski school but I was the only one to come out of the disaster alive.

Anthony Tross IIIA

TEN YEARS FROM NOW

The Canadians of today are confused because they are being introduced into technology which is unavoidable and essential, but which we are not ready for. In ten years from now we will be living in a world of technology and electronic aids far greater than today.

In ten years from now the population will have grown from 20,000,000 people to maybe 30,000,000 people. The cities will grow with 80% of the people living in them, and therefore the cities will have to be made larger. As the cities and the population grow there will be a problem of housing. Highrise apartments will go up and people will be crammed and will have little or no privacy at all.

In ten years from now the educational standards will have changed. In the schools and classrooms they will be using televisions, videotapes and computers to help the children in their work. By this way more subjects can be taught in one day. The computers would save time. These services will probably become available to schools, universities and some homes.

In ten years from now people will be living by computers and electronic aids. Shoppers will not need cash. They will use credit cards and computers while the bank will take care of the money and the payments. Heating will be run by computers. At night a timer will set the temperature down and in the morning it will set the temperatures

up. In the summer computers could run the air-conditioning. For amusement we would still be watching television except maybe when you wanted to watch an old programme you could just telephone into a bureau and they would put that programme on your screen.

Man's place today in this world is preparing for the problems of the electronic age. Will man no longer need to work? Is it possible that man could live dependent on computers and automation? Today we are unhappy, dissatisfied people because the government is getting bigger and the cost of living is constantly going up.

My father has told me that his tools are good, but what he makes with them is just not a reflection of the tools, but of the carpenter. In other words, if he is careless and inexperienced then his work will reflect it. Can this be true of computers and automation? Are computers and automation the tools of man? Yes, they are the tools of man and man is responsible for what they produce.

Man cannot live by computers alone. He will have to work so he will be responsible for the quality and kind of life. He will have to be increasingly educated to determine the quality of what the computers and automation will produce.

John Hamilton.

THE OLD TREASURE

On an island, dark and grey,
Amid the sand, half hid it lay,
Down in a pool among the deeps
A wondrous treasure quietly sleeps,
Completely out of worldly reach,
Till it was washed up on the beach.
A chest so full of splendid things
Like coins and gold and diamond rings,
Once carried by ships across the sea,
Whose fate remains a mystery.
But that is gone, and in the past,
Only the treasure there will last.

Ian Burke-Robertson IIIA

FATHER'S DAY

Father's day is bright and gay,
As my father would say.
He always does some work and play,
But he is the best father in many a day.

Michael Tkachuk Form I

MON SPORT FAVORI

Quande je suis venu à Ashbury je n'aimais aucun sport, mais mes idées ont changé. Maintenant j'aime presque tous les sports que l'école m'offre.

Un sport que j'aime plus que les autres est le soccer. Ashbury a un des plus bon instituteur de soccer dans la province. Il y a deux équipes junior, le treize et moin et le treize et plus. J'étais sur l'équipe treize et plus. Mr. Sherwood était mon coach.

Le soccer est un sport très dûre. On a besoin de beaucoup de muscles. Et pour être sur l'équipe il faut pratiquer. J'étais un remplaçant.

Peut-être l'année prochaine je pourrai faire l'équipe senior mais je dois pratiqué cet été.

Ashbury a changé mes idées complètement; et maintenant je veux participer à tous les sports possible.

JUNIOR SCHOOL HOUSE HOCKEY

The Junior School House competition was won by the Goblins in the senior houses and the Wizards in the junior houses.

The Junior and Senior House games were played separately during the season with points awarded for a tie or a win (tie one point each). Win two points to winner (loss no points).

At the end of the season the three junior teams and the three senior teams with the most points went into the playoffs.

The second and third place teams would go into a two games total goal series. The winner of that played the first place team for the championship.

JUNIOR HOCKEY TEAM

Back Row: M.H.E. Sherwood, Esq., P.A. Farquhar, B.H. Chick, P.J. Harcourt, M.J. Beedell, R.J. Henderson.
Middle Row: I.R. Cunningham, A.A. Blicharz, G.B.P. Johnson, J.E. Gripton.
Front Row: G.M. Jeffrey, M.D. Lafortune, J.S. McEachran, C.M. Paterson, P.W. Wilson.
Absent: G. Anapolsky.



Senior

Goblins 1st
Dragons 2nd
Wizards 3rd
Hobbits 4th

Junior

Wizards 1st
Hobbits 2nd
Dragons 3rd
Goblins 4th

In the Senior Houses the Dragons and the Wizards played off resulting in the Dragons winning and going on to the championship which the Goblins won.

In the Junior Houses the Dragons played off resulting in the Dragons winning and going on to the championship only to be beaten by the Wizards.

Peter Wilson
Trans A

BASKETBALL

This year our basketball team played six games. Our first game was at Viscount Alexander and it was a real victory for our team and Mister Laird. It was the first game the Junior School had ever won. Then we went on a winning streak for two games and lost the other three. The top scorers were Bob Henderson, Leslie Zunenshine and Scott McEachran. Many thanks to Mr. Laird for coaching us this year and for organizing our games.

JUNIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

Back Row: G.M. Jeffrey, J.W.B. Hamilton, R. Laird, Esq., R.M. Hodgins, J.E. Gripton.
Front Row: M. Josselyn, M.D. Lafortune, J.S. McEachran, Capt., R.J. Henderson, A.C. Macfarlane.
Absent: G. Anapolsky, S.G. Comis, G.F.R. Marsden, L. Zunenshine.



Two games total
Alta Vista and Viscount Alexanders

	Shot on baskets	Baskets
Anapolsky	17	3
Comis	10	2
Henderson	19	2
McEachran	20	7
Marsden	1	1
Zunenshine	18	3
Macfarlane	3	1

Scott McEachran

THE JUNIOR SOFTBALL TEAM

This year the softball team played eight games, three of these being away. The first three games we played were against the Senior School. The first one was a very close game in which we lost 11 - 8. The second we lost by an even bigger margin and the third still larger.

Our first game with another school was against Viscount Alexander in which we were soundly beaten. I will not go into the details. Losing our first real game did not really put us off to a good start.

We will always be proud of our second game in which we beat L.C.C. comfortably 22-17. Bob Henderson really won that game with a grand slam home run.

JUNIOR SOFTBALL 1969-70

Back Row: D.F.J.Babbitt, M.D.Lafortune, J.W.B.Hamilton, J.S.McEachran, T.M.W.Kuhn, A.A.Blicharz, M.H.E.Sherwood, Esq.

Front Row: P.J.Harcourt, R.J.Henderson, M. Josselyn, G.A.Anapolsky, P.A.Farquhar

Absent: J.E.Gripton.



We were also happy about our game against Fairfield in which we rode home with a 14-12 victory.

Two other games that we played were against the teachers (Sherwood Sharpies) and the Senior School prefects, both of which we lost by a great margin.

Our wins were not too many in number, but we all enjoyed ourselves.

Mark Josselyn

THE GYM TEAM

The members of the gym team were David Babbitt, George Marsden, Bob Henderson, Peter Harcourt, Ronnie Carson, Rob Braden, Doug MacDonald, George McKenna, Martin Hackleman and Andrew Blicharz. We prepared for the big day when we would put on a display in front of the parents during the Cadet Day on Friday, May 8th. We started with the front dives over one, two, three, four, five, six and seven people. Then we went to the box doing thieves, leaps and headsprings in sequence. We finished with flying angels.

By M. Beedell

JUNIOR GYM TEAM 1969-70

Back Row: G.C.Cuzner, D.F.J.Babbitt, A.A.Blicharz, R.J.Henderson, G.F.H.Marsden, P.J.Harcourt, J.L.Beedell, Esq.

Front Row: P.A.Farquhar, D.S.Macdonald, M.J.Beedell, G.R.McKenna, R.P.M.Braden, M.C.Hackleman.

Absent: R.J.Carson.



CRICKET TEAM

After a rather short practising period, the cricket team entered the season with a home game against Sedbergh on a cool Saturday afternoon. Our luck let us down but still we tried harder practising both fielding and batting and hoping we would win. We played Sedbergh again and then went on a tour to T.C.S. and Lakefield. Each game we came closer to winning until in our last game we lost by only four runs. We were just beginning to work as a team, but it was our last game.

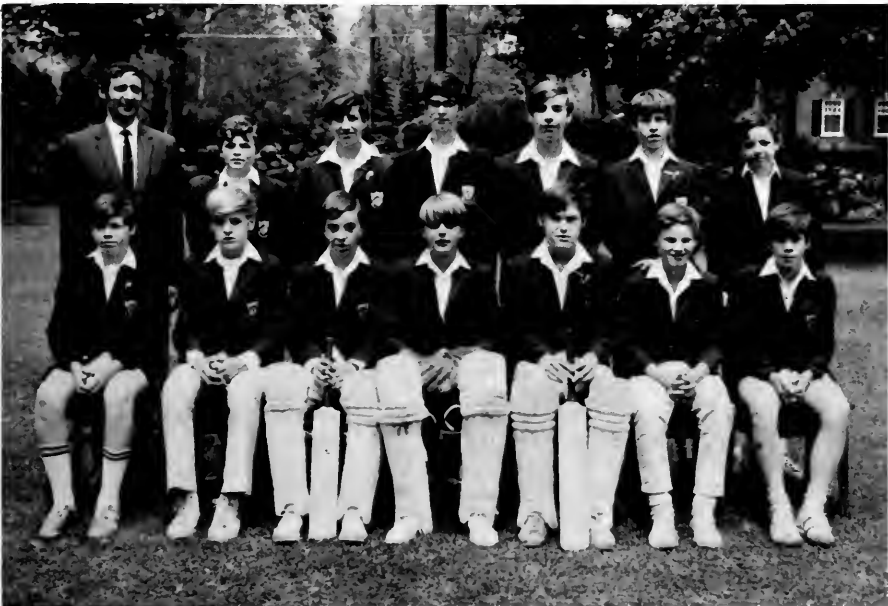
The most successful bowler was Scott McEachran while the most runs were scored by Blaine Johnson.

Ian Cunningham

JUNIOR CRICKET 1969-70

Back Row: P.J.Flynn, Esq., L.Zunenshine, D.W.S.Grills, J.W.B.Hamilton, S.G.Comis, R.J.Henderson, M.Josselyn.

Front Row: G.A.Anapolsky, M.D.Lafortune, I.R.Cunningham, T.M.W.Kuhn, J.S.McEachran, G.B.P.Johnson, V.T.MacDermot





UNDER 13 SOCCER TEAM

Back Row: J.L. Beedell, Esq., D. Josselyn, R.M. Wilson, D.G. Arnold, C.M. Paterson,
I.C. Scarth, B.H. Chick, A.B. Ray.
Middle Row: R.J. Carson, P.M. Wiener, J.J. Arnold, A.C. Macfarlane, P.W. Wilson, J.B.P.
Johnson, I. Ocampo, P., P.J. Harcourt.
Front Row: P.A. Farquhar, R.J. Henderson, A.A. Blicharz, V.T. MacDermot, Capt.,
D.F.J. Babbitt, G.F.R. Marsden, C.N. Power.

JUNIOR SOCCER TEAM
WINNERS OF THE DOLOUGH CUP

Back Row: D.W.S. Grills, I.R. Cunningham, T.M.W. Kuhn, M.H.E. Sherwood, Esq.,
R.M. Hodgins, L.H. Zunenshine, M. Josselyn.
Front Row: J.B.P. Johnson, S.G. Comis, A.A. Blicharz, R.J. Henderson, Captain, S.J.
McEachran, Vice-Captain, M.D. Lafortune.
Absent: G. Anapolsky.



CROSS-COUNTRY

We all start off when Mr. Babbitt says "go". We all start off faster than when we end. We run to Mariposa and we turn right till we get to Cloverdale where we turn left and jog down Cloverdale. Then we turn another road and follow it to Sandridge Road. There we turn right and we run down Sandridge Road to Birch. There we are almost out of breath and we turn right again. After we are half way down Birch we start to pick up speed till we get to Hemlock. There we turn right again and we run a little faster than the start. Coming to the end of Hemlock we turn right to Mariposa. There we turn left and up the hill to Ashbury where the "Cross Country" ends.

Paul Farquhar

SAILING

It was a beautiful day when we left Ottawa to go to Port Hope. The reason we went to Port Hope was to watch the cricket game against Trinity College School(T.C.S.). That evening we left for Lakefield College a few miles away from Peterborough. We arrived there just in time for dinner. After dinner was finished, most of the Ashbury boys went outside to ride bikes or to play French cricket, while the sailing team went down to the docks to have a look at the boats. They were all Albacores that we were going to sail the next day.

It wasn't long till the next day came and we arrived back at Lakefield. When breakfast was over the sailing team wished to get changed. We ran down to the dock to choose our boat for the first race that morning. We rigged the boat and were out in no time to practise before the races. Soon the time came when the committee boat was out and the races began after the firing of the gun. There were only three of us: Andrew Blicharz skipper, Robbie Braden first mate, and Bruce Anfossie first crew. Robbie and Bruce were quite tense about whether we would get off to a good start or not but we made it. At the end of the first race, consisting of two laps of three and a half miles long, we had to quit because it was almost lunch. So we docked, ran up to the dining hall for a quick lunch and then down again.

After lunch had finished we all went back down to the docks to get ready for the next five races which started at twelve-thirty. By now the wind had become much stronger and I needed to be careful so we didn't tip on our last few races that we had to finish that afternoon. I could faintly see Mr. Sherwood standing on the dock waving his arms frantically to get moving, otherwise the other sailboats would catch up to us. In the second last race we had a pretty leaky center-board box and we were to keep this boat for those last two races. Before those last

two races were over, Robbie bailed it six times, we swamped twice, and almost tipped four times. One time our boat just stayed poised on its side but with quick thinking I ordered Robbie and Bruce to move themselves back and hang over the side. Then on our last lap of the last race we again were almost poised on our side. This time I knew it would not work again because we were on a different course, so I pulled the tiller hard to starboard and before we knew it we were sailing smoothly again coming into the finish. After that afternoon we placed third three times, fourth twice, and fifth once, giving us a total of thirty-seven points and fourth out of six races.

When we started to leave I felt as though I was still in the sailboat as the school van swayed back and forth. I shall never forget that day and I don't think Robbie or Bruce will either.

Andrew Blicharz

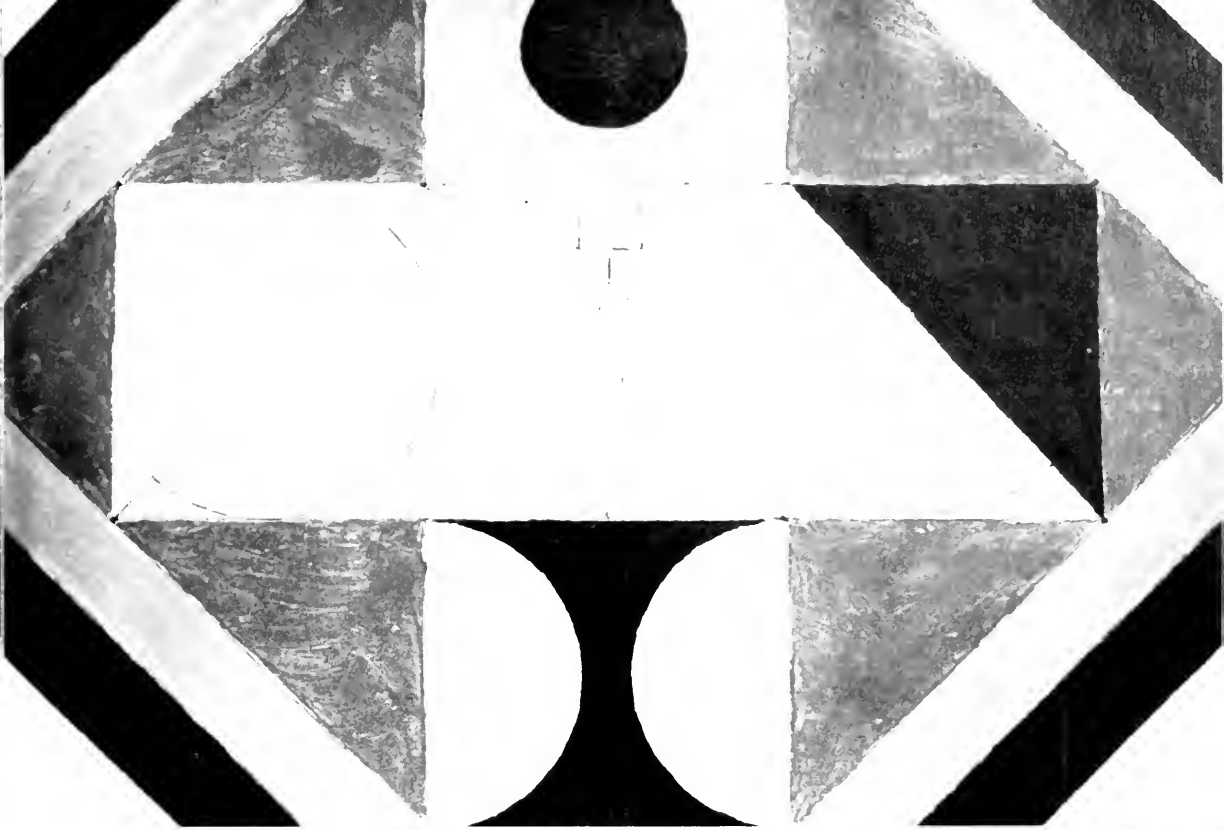
THE CHESS TOURNAMENT

This year the tournament started with about 56 boys, 11 in each form. The members of each form played each other until there was a winner in the form; Josselyn II (form I), Wilson III (form II), Josselyn I (form IIIA and B), Zunenshine (Trans B), and Cunningham (Trans A).

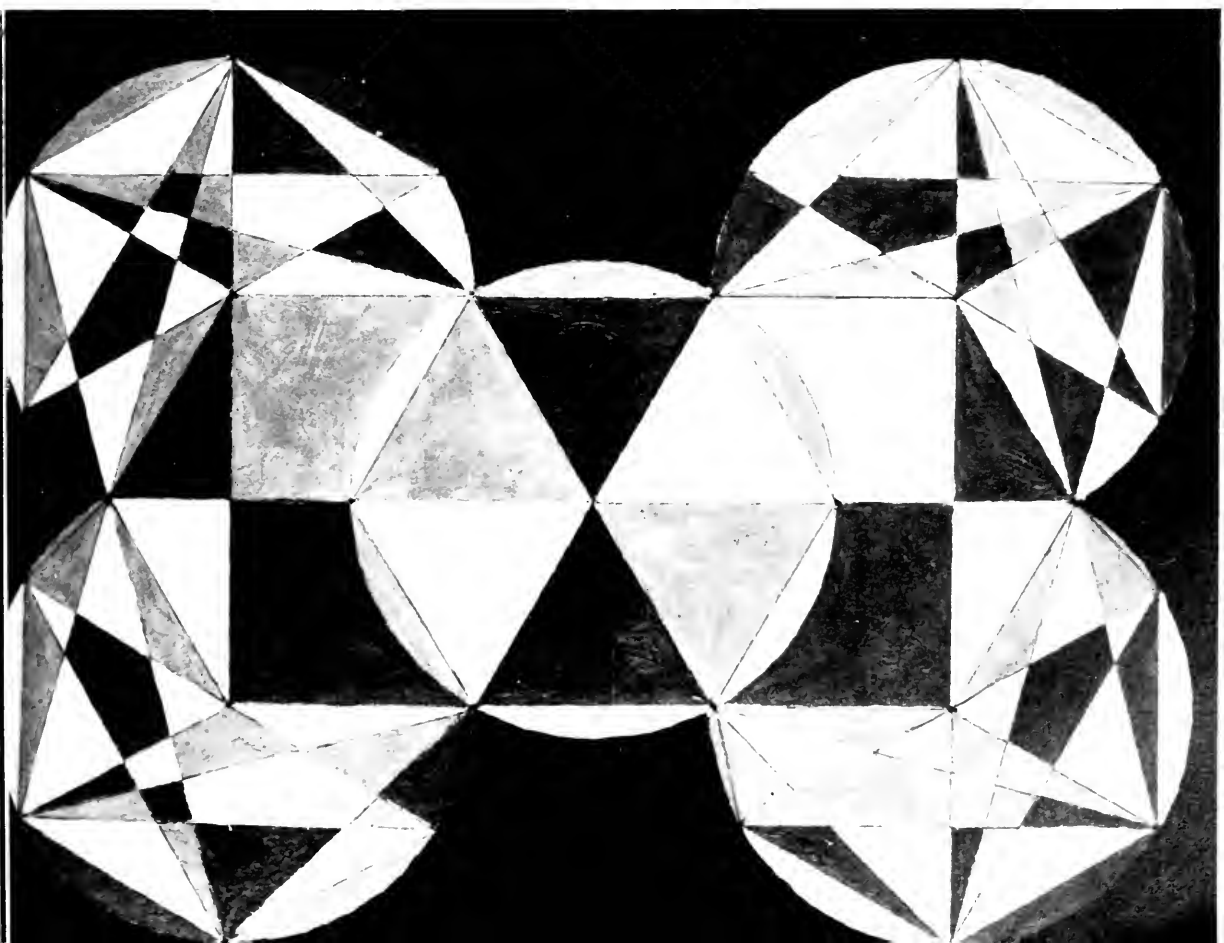
Josselyn II and Wilson played in a very short game and Wilson was the winner. He then played Josselyn I in a very close game that Josselyn won.

Meanwhile Zunenshine and Cunningham were fighting it out for the right to play in the finals. Zunenshine won and went on determined to beat Josselyn I. Well the tables turned, and in a very unexpected game Josselyn caught Zunenshine off his guard with a sacrifice and emerged victorious, the winner of the junior school.

Mark Josselyn



Drawings by Robert Kenny





LIMERICKS TRANS A.

I once went to a public school
and there I was known as a fool
So I came over here
Where things are sincere
And that is known as a rule

Tom Baer

I am a young boy of Trans A
Who fiddles and fidgets away
I tend to ignore
The teachers implore
I guess I should listen some day.

Michael Beedell

There once was a kid named Trevor
Whose whopping nobody could endeavour
So during the Test
He became a menace
And nobody at all was clever.
So after this test, I remember
Many got mad in December
"He's a menace," they said
and should be put to bed
I remember, my temper in December.

Trevor Boyd

There once was a boy named Buzaka
Who didn't go to school in Osaka
Nor go to Elmwood
Nor go to Glenwood
But to Ashbury he was sent by his papa

Martin Buser

There was a young lad from Quebec
Found high school made him a wreck
Then one day
He moved away
And to Ashbury he now makes a trek

Steven Clifford

As Cutts I was recently known
In Toronto my former home
Till Ottawa I did see,
I am now called S.P.
I wonder what they'd call me in Rome?

Ian Cunningham

There was a young boy in Trans A
Who worked and played all day
When home he does come
He feels quite done
And is glad to hit the hay.

Stephen Grahovac

There is a young Boy in Trans A
Whose trouble he had was essay
The teacher he ignored
And got really quite bored
And that's his trouble to this day

Dana Grills

I'm a young boy in Trans A
Who does nothing but laugh and play.
When it comes to work
I'm inclined to shirk
But I try in every way.

John Hamilton

Haythorn was a boy in Grade 8
Who did not really care about weight
He hated astronomy
But he dug gastronomy
So now he's the big boy of Grade 8

A. Haythornthwaite

I am a young boy in Trans A
Who honestly wished he could stay
But leave I must
So without a fuss
I'll move up to Nine A

Bob Henderson

There was a young boy named Jake
Who tended to fall in the lake
His clothes got all wet
and he started to fret
So a cold he would have to fake

Charles Jaquays

There is a boy named the Law
Whose teachers in class do ignore
He thinks work is a pain
And tests are a strain
Yet he studies till his eyes are quite sore.

David Lawrence

I come from the U.S. of A.
To learn there, there was no way
I came by a Boeing
to learn me some knowing
Now I'd say it was worth the pay

Vincent MacDermot

There once was a boy named Mag
Whose work had started to lag
He was in a fix
His work was a mix
Cause school for him was a drag.

Brian Magner

I am a young boy in Trans A
Who works hard and studies all day
But when school is finished
I rush to tuck and diminish
My earnings and weekly pay.

Frank Mulock

Je m'appelle Marc Nadeau
J'aime bien les autos
Le college est en or
et j'aime bien les sports
et cet hameau

Marc Nadeau

Jane said I'd have trouble this day
As I crawled into Transitus A
I'd been away I could boast
On the lovely west coast
For the time of two months and a day

Peter Pringle

I am a young boy in Trans A
And here I wish not to stay
For it is a bore
Cleaning the floor
After school each and every day

Peter Wilson

TRANS B

Anapolsky, Gerry (Montreal) My favourite sports are hockey and soccer. My favourite subjects are mathematics and literature. My ambition might be a teacher, computer or a chemist. I've been at Ashbury for four years and I hope to stay till grade 13.

Blicharz, Andrew (Toronto) My favourite sports are sailing, soccer, baseball and high jumping. My favourite subject is mathematics.

Comis, Steven (Montreal) Thing I like most is track and I was also on a few of the school teams.

Gripton, Jamie (Ottawa) My nickname is "noodles" and my favourite sports are hockey and baseball. My favourite teachers are Mr. Sherwood and Mr. Babbitt. I would like to be a policeman.

Hodgins, Michael (Ottawa) My favourite sport is soccer. My favourite subject is mathematics and my future ambition is to be a mathematician.



Jeffrey, George (Ottawa). My favourite sports are soccer, hockey, cricket and basketball. I was on the basketball and cricket team. My favourite subjects are literature and science. I hope to be a doctor.

Jackson, John D (Ottawa). This is my 5th year at Ashbury. My favourite sports are football, baseball and soccer. My ambition is to be a doctor.

Kerr, Doug (Ottawa) I enjoy football as a sport and fishing as a hobby. My ambition is to be an insurance agent and nice guy.

Kuhn, Tom (Montreal) C'est ma quatrième année à Ashbury. Mes sports favoris sont le cricket, le baseball, le soccer et le basketball. Je demeure à Montréal. Mes sujets favoris sont l'histoire, et la géographie.

Lafortune, Maurice (Ottawa) My favourite sports are softball, soccer, and hockey. The subjects I enjoy are math and history. I hope to be a construction engineer.

Loeb, Arthur (Ottawa) My favourite sports are baseball and football. My favourite subjects are geography and history and spelling. This is my fifth year. I hope to go into business. I like Mr. Laird.

Macfarlane, Andrew (Ottawa). This is my first year at Ashbury. My favourite sports are soccer and softball. I like Grammar and Literature. I hope to be an architect.

Macfarlane, André, C'est ma première année à Ashbury. J'apprécie Ashbury beaucoup. Je préfère les sujets de français, littérature et grammaire. Mes meilleurs sports sont le baseball et le soccer. J'espère être un architecte.

MacPhee, Peter (Ottawa) C'est ma troisième année à Ashbury. J'espère revenir l'année prochaine. J'aime le français, la littérature et la grammaire.

McEachran, Scott (Sarnia) J'aime tous les sports. J'espère être un architecte. J'espère revenir l'année prochaine.

Rigby, Stephen (Ottawa) This is my 1st year at Ashbury. My favourite sport is track. My favourite subject is literature. My ambition is to be a doctor.

Je m'appelle Stephen Rigby et je demeure à Ottawa. C'est ma première année à Ashbury et je l'aime beaucoup. Mes sujets favoris sont la Littérature et la Grammaire. Mon ambition est d'être un docteur. J'aime les cours et les épreuves athlétiques.

Silveira, Expedito (Montreal) My favourite sport is soccer. My favourite subjects are Grammar and Math. I hope to study medicine.

Taylor Christopher (Ottawa) Mon surnom est Tanky. C'est ma troisième année et j'aime Ashbury. Cette année je vais être différent et je vais parler français. Mes professeurs favoris sont messieurs Babbitt, Flynn et Humphreys. Mon ami favori est Peter Macphee.

Thompson, Grant (Ottawa) This is my fourth year at Ashbury and I have enjoyed it the most because Mr. Laird was my home room teacher. My favourite sport is softball.

Wilgress, Ted (Rockliffe) My favourite sport is soccer and I enjoy it. My favourite subject is Lit.

IIIA FORM NOTES

Arnold, John-This is my second year at Ashbury. I like it very much. In school work I think I have done fairly well because my average was 77.5%, just two marks away from an M.L.T.S. In sports I made the soccer and cricket teams. In both of these teams I did quite well. At Ashbury everybody is my friend.

Assaly, Thomas-I liked my first year at Ashbury (because of the games). My best friends are Carson, Teron, Babbitt, Chick, Josselyn, Lynch-Staunton; and Braden. My favourite sports are football and softball. I got an M.L.T.S. of 85.5%. My favourite subject is Latin. I am coming back next year.

Babbitt, Dave-This is my 4th year at Ashbury and I've liked it every year. I have a lot of friends, but my best are Harcourt, Hackleman, Carson, and Braden. I hope to be a lawyer when I grow up. I like sports, especially football, soccer and softball.

Braden, Robbie-This is my second year at Ashbury and I have enjoyed it very much. My best friends are Hackelman, Macdonald, Carson and Babbitt. My favourite sports are sailing and skiing. I made the track team, gym team, sailing team and choir this year.



Burke-Robertson, Ian—I have been here 3 years. I like everyone in our class. I am in the choir. My favourite subjects are Literature and Divinity. My favourite teachers are Mr. Flynn and Mr. Babbitt.

Carson, Ron—I have made a lot of friends this year. My favourite sport is skiing. This is my first year and I've enjoyed it. My favourite subjects are sports, gym, art and literature. My favourite hard subjects are geography, Latin, and science. I hope they make a longer games period, though.

Chick, Bruce—This is my sixth year at Ashbury. I am 13. My best subject is geography and my favourite sport is water skiing. My best friend is Scarth.

Johnson, Blaine—I've been at Ashbury for 2 years and I have a lot of friends. I made the soccer, track, hockey, and cricket teams. My best master is Mr. Flynn. I like Ashbury very much.

Josselyn, Mark—I have thoroughly enjoyed this, my first year at Ashbury. I made the softball, soccer, cricket, basketball and track teams. I won the chess tournament in a lucky game against Zunenshine. My best friends are Babbitt, Carson, Assaly, Gripton, Braden, Teron and Johnson. I got an M.L.T.S. with an average of 93.3% and I am coming back next year.

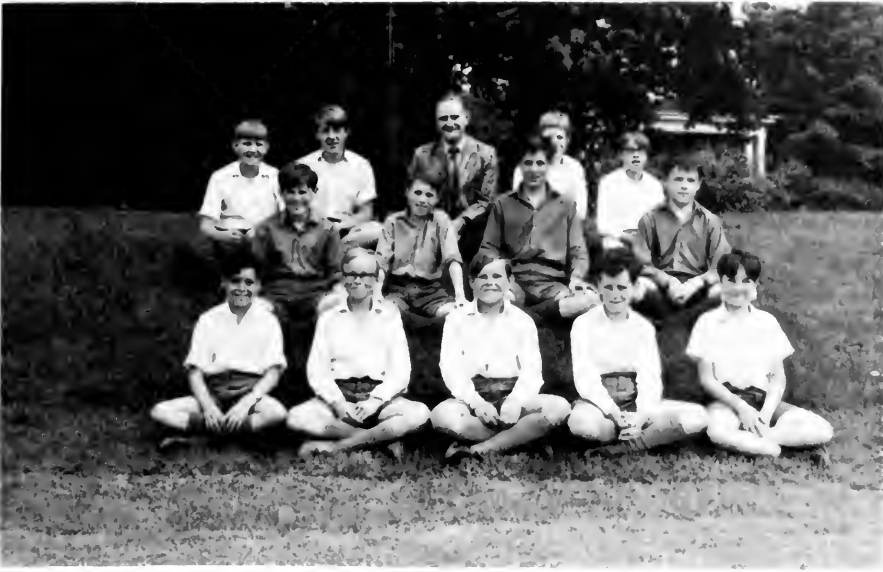
Lynch-Staunton, Michael—My favourite subjects are art, gym, and history. I've been here 4 years. I hope to be a vet when I grow up. My friends are most of the class especially Assaly, Babbitt, Ray, Johnson, Tross, and Robertson.

McKenna, George—This is my third year at Ashbury. I like everybody in my class. My favourite sports are softball and football. The opportunity I like at Ashbury is that we often go to the Arts Centre. This year I made the gym team.

Ray, Arindam—Ashbury College is a very good school. I have enjoyed my first year here and hope to stay next year. I have also met some fine people and I'd like to thank the teachers for helping me through this year. I've also made some good friends.

Robertson, Richard—This is my first year at Ashbury and I enjoyed it very much. I think the sports are great. My best friends are Chick, Josselyn, Lynch, Johnson, Babbitt, and Carson.

Teron, Chris—This was my second year at Ashbury and I enjoyed it very much. When I grow up I wish to be an architect. My favourite subjects are math and geography. My best friends are Babbitt, Josselyn, and Assaly. I got my M.L.T.S. this year.



IIIB FORM NOTES

Bruce Anfossie. I am twelve. I enjoy Ashbury because it is a great school. My favourite sports are cricket and softball. My best friends are Braden, Hackleman, and Burke-Robertson. My hobby is model building. My ambition is to be a dentist.

Rod Dowling. I enjoy Ashbury because it has a lot of sports. My best friends are Dave Babbitt and Peter Harcourt. My favourite sports are hunting, fishing and swimming. I live at Wasaga Beach on Georgian Bay. My ambition is to be a land developer.

Paul Farquhar. I am twelve and this is my second year at Ashbury. My school is great and I like all sports. My best friends are Peter Harcourt, Rod Dowling, Dave Babbitt and Martin Hackleman. My favourite teachers are Mr. Babbitt, Mr. Sherwood and Mr. Flynn. My favourite subjects are grammar and geography. I like Ashbury very much. When I grow up I would like to be a football player.

Martin Hackleman. I am twelve. My favourite sports are softball and soccer. My best friends are Dave Babbitt, Robbie Braden, and Doug Macdonald. I live in the U.S. at San Diego, California. When I grow up I would like to be a children's doctor. I enjoy Ashbury all the time.

Peter Harcourt. This is my fifth year at Ashbury. I hope to stay at this school till Grade 13. My favourite sports are football, water and snow skiing. My ambition is to be a geologist.

My name is Douglas Macdonald. I am eleven. This is my first year at Ashbury. I am enjoying myself with all the activities. My favourite sport is volleyball. My form master is Mister Babbitt. My best subject is spelling. A few of my good friends are Hackleman, Babbitt, Braden and Farquhar. My ambition is to be a pilot.

My name is Shawn McNulty. I am twelve. My favourite sports are hockey and baseball. My favourite subjects are art, literature, and library. My ambition is to be an archaeologist.

My name is Steven Moulds. My teacher is Mister Babbitt. This is my last year at Ashbury because I am going back to my old school. I hope I can make the soccer team so I can meet my friends from Ashbury.

Colin Paterson. I have just turned thirteen. My best friends are Pringle, Lafortune and Blicharz. My favourite sport is hockey. I have been at Ashbury two years. I live in Oakville. I have not decided yet what I will be when I grow up.

Tim Perley-Roberston. I am twelve. This is my first year at Ashbury. My favourite subjects are mathematics and literature. My best friends are Pete Harcourt, Dave Babbitt, and Ian Scarth. My hobby is collecting stamps. I would like to be a lawyer.

Ian Scarth. I am thirteen. My favourite sports are soccer and swimming (skin diving). My hobby is coin collecting. My best friends are Dave Babbitt, Bob Henderson, and Peter Harcourt. My ambition is to be a marine scientist.

Scott Stilborn. I am eleven. This is my seventh year at Ashbury. My favourite sports are softball and football. My best friends are Mad-scientist Brookes and Chick-the chick. My hobby is models. My ambition is to be an architect.

Mark Zagerman. This is my second year at Ashbury and I like it very much. My favourite activities are swimming and softball. My best friend is Philippe Wiener. My Bar Mitzvah will be in June. When I grow up I will be an architect. I hope to return to Ashbury next year.



FORM II

Adrian Brookes. This is my first year at Ashbury and I hope to stay. My best friends are Pitfield, Moffat, Hogarth and other members of the class. My favourite subjects are Math and Science. My favourite hobbies are watching space flights and training to be an astronaut. I hope to be an astronaut when I grow up.

Colin Byford. This is my fourth year at Ashbury. My father is a teacher. My best friend is Matthew Pimm. I like to make paper airplanes. My favourite subject is art. I like high jumping. I hope to be on the Ashbury high jumping team. I like the Ashbury commonroom.

Guy Cuzner. This is my second year at Ashbury. Last year I did not like being here. This year I do like it very much. Next year I hope to be a boarder at this school. My friends are Fulley, Bower, Scott, Clifford, (The Big name)-Haythornethwaite. I hope to go to U.B.C. and live at Garibaldi Lifts Ltd.

Ron Elias. This is my first year at Ashbury College and I like it very much. I like everybody in our class. One of my best friends is John Pekelsky who used to go to a different school with me. My favourite sports are soccer, swimming, softball, fishing and running. My hobby is car racing.

Bill Fuller. This is my first year. I am coming back next year. My best friends are Harrower, Hogarth and Power. My favourite hobby is boating. When I grow up I hope to be an architect like my father. One of my favourite teachers is Mr. Babbitt.

Ian Hargrove. This is my 3rd year at Ashbury. I am 10. My favourite subject is math. My friends are Fuller, Wilsons 3 and 4, Pitfield, Moffatt and Power. My favourite sports are soccer and baseball.

Steven Harrower. This is my first year here at Ashbury. My friends are Power, Cuzner, Macdonald and Fuller. My nickname is "haywire," but some call me Hairwiz. My favourite sports are baseball, and hockey. My ambition is to be a doctor. I hope to come back next year.

Hugh Heaton. This is my second year at Ashbury. I hope to stay in Ashbury for a few more years. I hope to be a doctor like my father. My favourite hobby is making paper airplanes.

David Hogarth. J'ai dix ans. J'aime collectionner les mamais. Mes sujets favoris sont l'anglais et les sciences. C'est ma première année à l'école. Mes amis favoris de ma classe sont Pitfield, Power, Brookes, Hargroves, Fuller, Wilson IV et les autres personnes de ma classe.

Georges Marsden. C'est ma première année au collège Ashbury. Mes sports favoris sont le cricket, le soccer et le hockey. Mon ami préféré est Power. L'année prochaine, j'espère être choisi pour faire partie de l'équipe de cricket. Mon surnom est Groge-man.

Jim Moffatt. My nickname is Moffball or Jerbit. My hobby is paper airplane flying and my favourite sports are hockey and football and I like being a pest at home. My favourite teacher is J.H.H. and I'm coming back next year. I hope to be a stock car driver. My best friends are the whole class.

John Pekelsky. This is my second year at Ashbury. My nickname is Pickel. My best friends are the whole class. My favourite teachers are Mrs. and Mr. Babbitt. My best sports are hockey, soccer, basketball, swimming, softball, track and field, football and cricket. My hobbies are making models. My ambition is to be a doctor. I hope to return to Ashbury.

Matthew Pimm. This is my second year at Ashbury College. My favourite sports are football and softball. I wish the juniors could play football. When I grow up I hope to be a marine biologist. I am interested in history but I am not too good at it.

Jaime Pitfield. C'est ma première année à Ashbury. Mon ambition est d'être un astronaut. J'aime tous les professeurs. Mes amis sont Brookes, Hogarth, Power, les deux Wilsons, Marsden, et beaucoup d'autres. Mon surnom est Hymie. Mes sports favoris sont le softball le football, le soccer, le cricket, le hockey et le tennis. J'aime Ashbury beaucoup.

Christopher Power. J'aime le soccer, le hockey, le cricket, le ski et l'équitation. Mes amis sont toute la classe. Mes sujets favoris sont le français, les mathématiques et l'anglais. C'est ma deuxième année à Ashbury. Mes ambitions sont de faire partie du C.E.T. et d'être médecin.

Chris Scott. Mon nom est Chris Scott. J'aime Guy Curner. Son surnom est "bien oui." J'aime le soccer, monter à cheval et le baseball. J'espère être dans la classe IIIA.

G. Spencer. This is my second month at Ashbury. I like all the masters, especially Mr. Babbitt and Mr. Humphreys. I hope to come back next year as I have such friends as Power, Pitfield and Wilson IV. My hobby is stamp collecting. When I grow up I hope to become either a doctor or an architect.

Jimmy Thompson. This is my second year at Ashbury and I like it very much although it was not my best year. My nick-name is Ptolemy which was invented by Wilson III. My best friends are Wilson III, Power II and Fuller I. My best subjects are Math, science and literature. My favourite sports are hockey and softball. My ambition is to be a lawyer.

Jeff Rosen. This is my second year at Ashbury and I will be coming back next year. My favourite sports are high jumping, soccer, and football. My best friends are Cuzner, Power, Pitfield and Hargrove. I find Ashbury to be a very nice school. Next year I hope to be in IIIa.

Eric Wilson. Mon nom est Eric Wilson. J'ai onze ans. C'est ma deuxième année à Ashbury. Mes amis sont Power, Thompson et Pimm. Mon sujet favori est science. Mon année est un succès.

Richard Wilson. C'est ma deuxième année au Collège Ashbury. Mes sports favoris sont le soccer, le cricket, le hockey et le ski. Mes amis favoris sont toute la classe.

Philippe Wiener. C'est ma troisième année. Mes amis préférés sont Power, Cuzner, Zunenshine, Farquhar, Zagerman, et Scarth. J'espère que je vais revenir. Cette année j'ai joué au soccer, au softball, et au track et field. Mes sujets favoris sont les mathématiques, la littérature, et le français. J'aime Ashbury beaucoup.



FORM I

Ablack, David. This is my first year at Ashbury and I will be coming back next year. My favourite sport is soccer and my best teachers are Mr. Flynn and Mr. Babbitt. I have come over from England and hope to go back again. I wish I could see my school friends over there again. My best friend here is Chris Wood. My favourite classes are Art and Math.

Arnold, Daniel. This is my first year at Ashbury. I like it very much and hope I can stay until Grade 13. My favourite subjects are science and geography. My favourite hobbies are stamp collecting and water skiing. I made the under 13 soccer team. My best friends are Wood and Ablack.

Cummings, Jim. My nickname is "Clumsy" and sometimes it is true. My favourite subjects are music and art. My hobby is music. I hope to be a Consulting Engineer someday. I like all my masters and all my fellow students. I had a great year at Ashbury.

Deepan Paul. My nickname is Road Runner though I am not all that fast. My favourite subjects are gym, art and math. My favourite teacher is Mr. Anderson. My favourite sport is swimming. The thing I like best about Ashbury is the competition between the other boys and myself. I am going to be a doctor or a lawyer when I grow up.

Ellacott, Fred. I plan to be in the Air Force when I grow up. I like games. My favourite class is Divinity. This year the Junior Common Room was built by the Masters. I like the library because I can get away from boys who bother me.

Flynn, Matthew. This is my first year at Ashbury and my second year in Canada. I lived in Australia for 7 years. I would like to be a farmer when I grow up. We enjoyed our school trip to Toronto this year. My best friends are Wood, Josselyn, Deepan and Johnston. My favourite teacher is my dad, Mr. Flynn. My favourite hobbies are fishing and stamp collecting. My favourite animals are cats, dogs, hamsters, sheep and horses.

Fuller, Mark. This is my first year at Ashbury. I hope to come back next year. My best friends are Shuler, Wood and of course my brother Bill. My favourite sports are football, fishing, sailing, and soccer.

Hambleton, Ricardo. This is my first year at Ashbury. I like it because there is lots of time for sports. My favourite subjects are geography, spelling and French. After school I like to go to the library. My hobbies are stamp collecting and making models.

Heaton, Johnathan. My best friends are Wood and Deepan. I like house competitions and games and awards. I like playing games against other schools such as Rockcliffe Public School. I want to be an anthropologist.

Johnston, Billy. I like Ashbury because of the sports, the friendships, the way the classes are taught and the masters. My best masters are Mr. Tottenham, Mr. Laird and Mr. Humphreys. I like camping, sailing and soccer. My hobbies are reading my father's science books and stamp collecting. I want to stay at Ashbury until I finish school. I hope to be a science teacher when I grow up. My favourite friends are Deepan, Woody Wood and Chub Cummings.

Josselyn, Davie. This is my first year at Ashbury. My favourite teacher is Mrs. Babbitt. I like Ashbury because there is so much time for sports. I am on the soccer team and in the choir. I learn more at Ashbury than I did at other schools. My best friend is Wood.

O'Meara, Michael. This is my first year and I hope to stay a long time at Ashbury. I like math, spelling and history because they are fun. In our French class Mr. Humphreys sings and jokes. I like all my teachers. We get a lot of math and spelling prep.

Shuler, Jim. I am in Grade 5 but hope to be in Grade 6 next year. My favourite teachers are Mr. Humphreys, Mrs. Babbitt and Mr. Laird. I like to run and collect stamps. I like most of my classmates. My favourite subjects are Math and French. I would like to be a veterinarian.

Smith, Robin. I like Ashbury very much. I am good in art and French. I am in the choir. My favourite teachers are Mr. Laird and Mrs. Babbitt. My favourite hobbies are reading and model making. I like

Dippy the Deepan, Wood the Woodpecker, and Tkachuk the Saxophone. When I grow up I would like to be a prospector or a miner.

Tkachuk, Michael. My ambition is to be a lawyer. The thing I like best about Ashbury is the sports. My favourite classes are science, history and geography. My best friends are Josselyn, Shuler and Cummings. My nickname is Saxophone.

Torontow, Michael. This is my first year at Ashbury. I like math, science, art and music. My best friends are Cummings and Flynn. My favourite sports are boating, camping and baseball. I want to be a chemist.

Wood, Chris. I like Ashbury very much. I am very sorry I cannot come back next year because I am going to Beirut Lebanon. My best friends are Johnston and Ablack. I live outside Ottawa near Richmond. I am 9. I like spelling, math and French. My best sports are swimming and skiing. My ambition is to be a lawyer.

FORTY MILES
FINISHERS



TROPHY WINNERS



The Junior School on its annual trip, entertained in front of the Parliament Buildings in Toronto by
The Hon A.B.R. Lawrence, Ashbury parent and graduate.

THE SPORTS DINNER

The Sports Dinner was held to honor or acknowledge the athletes of our school. The boys from the basketball, the soccer and the hockey teams were invited. Also all the senior school team boys came.

The speaker was Wayne Giardino, a linebacker from the Ottawa Roughriders. The cup given to the Junior School was the Dolough Cup awarded to the soccer team for beating Viscount Alexander which was the second best in the Ottawa schools.

Vincent MacDermot

JUNIOR SCHOOL HOUSE SHOOTING

This year the house shooting competition was a very successful one. There were 45 competitors, and each boy shot a total of six targets. From this, house points were given.

I would like to congratulate Charles Jaquays for coming first over all and John Arnold for coming second. My thanks to everybody for being so co-operative and making the programme so successful.

T.C. Tottenham

School Register – 1969-70

Ablack, David Lennox	2660 Norbery Crescent, Apt. 323, Ottawa 8, Ont.
Aboud, Douglas Edward	615 Walpole Avenue, Town of Mount Royal, Montreal 305, P.Q.
Anapolsky I, Ronnie	112 Finchley Road, Hampstead, Montreal 254, P.Q.
Anapolsky II, Gerry	112 Finchley Road, Hampstead, Montreal 254, P.Q.
Anderson, Lee William	810 Canterbury Avenue, Apt. 501, Ottawa 10, Ont.
Anfossie, Frederick Bruce	3232 Carling Avenue, Ottawa 14, Ont.
Appleton, Christopher Ross	6 Benedict Road, Islington, Ont.
Arnold I, John James II	290 Mariposa Avenue, Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa 2, Ont.
Arnold II, Daniel George	290 Mariposa Avenue, Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa 2, Ont.
Ashton, Andrew Frederick Drew	285 Vivian Avenue, Town of Mount Royal, Montreal 304, P.Q.
Assaly, Tommy Gregory	301 Faircrest Road, Ottawa 8, Ont.
Babbitt, David Frederick John	320 Cloverdale Road, Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa 2, Ont.
Bacon, Robert Thomas	4300 Maisonneuve Blvd., P.H. 7, Westmount, Montreal 215, P.Q.
Baer, Thomas Burkhardt	2887 Highfield Crescent, Ottawa 14, Ontario
Ballinger, Peter Nelson	9 Qualicum Street, Ottawa 6, Ont.
Barnes I, Charles Edwin	7 Starwood Avenue, Ottawa 5, Ont.
Barnes II, Michael Leslie William	7 Starwood Avenue, Ottawa 5, Ont.
Barott, Patrick Weldon	467 Argyle Avenue, Westmount, Montreal 217, P.Q.
Bates I, Thomas Askwith	82 Marlowe Crescent, Ottawa 1, Ont.
Bates II, Christopher Robert	82 Marlowe Crescent, Ottawa 1, Ont.
Beedell, Michael John	3 Radisson Street, Ottawa 9, Ont.
Bennett I, Richard Lloyd	Main Street, Avonmore, Ont.
Bennett II, Robin James	Main Street, Avonmore, Ont.
Beqaj, Jimmy Kujtim	905 Kirkwood Avenue, Ottawa 3, Ont.
Berkovich, Robert Jerome	San Juan de Marcona, Playa Hermosa D-28, Lima, Peru, S.A.
Bissonnet, Richard Lamberto	c/o Canadian Embassy, 6 Dsalan Budikemuliaan, Djakarta.
Blicharz, Andrew Alexander	147 Highbourne Road, Toronto 7, Ont.
Bowen, Gregory Scott	19 Kesler Avenue, Ottawa 5, Ont.
Boyd I, Bryan Alexander	Box 111, R.R.1, Hull, P.Q.
Boyd II, Trevor Douglas	Suite 1904, 100 Maitland Street, Toronto 5, Ont.
Braden, Robert Peter Molnar	456 Hillcrest Avenue, Ottawa 13, Ont.
Brookes, Adrian Martin	2115 Baseline Road, Apt. 1, Ottawa 5, Ont.
Bryan, Kim	39 Wallford Way, Ottawa 5, Ont.
Budovitch, Steven Brent	305 University Avenue, Fredericton, N.B.
Burke-Robertson, David Ian William	Marchmont, Dunrobin P.O., Ont.
Buser, Martin Ulrich	303 Fairmont Avenue, Ottawa 3, Ont.
Byford, Colin William	250 Springfield Road, Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa 2, Ont.
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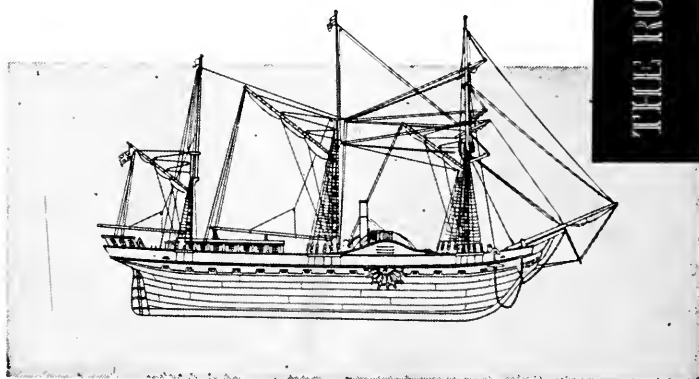
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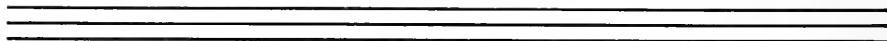


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